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C. S. "Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lour'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings.
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous."
—RICHARD III., Act I., Scene I.

Columbia. "O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know."
—JULIUS CÆSAR, Act III., Scene II.

C. S. "How now, how now? what say the citizens?"
Trumbull. "The citizens are mum, say not a word.
I laid open all your victories,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry," *Hurra for Schurz.*
"They spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
When I had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried," *Hurra for Schurz.*
"And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to" Carl;
"And even here brake off and came away."
—RICHARD III., Act III., Scene VII.

H. G. "Do you know me, my lord?"
Grant. "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger."
H. G. "Not I, my lord."
Grant. "Then I would you were so honest a man."
H. G. "Honest, my lord?"
Grant. "Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."
H. G. "That's very true......What do you read, my lord?"
Grant. "Words, words, words!"
H. G. "What is the matter, my lord?"
Grant. "Between who?"
H. G. "I mean the matter that you read, my lord."
Grant. "Slanders, Sir."
—HAMLET, Act II., Scene II.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE "LIBERAL" CAMPAIGN OF SLANDER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive the Second Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

☞ OUR readers will be pleased to learn that a new serial story, by the author of "Cecil's Tryst," "Bred in the Bone," "Won—Not Wooed," and other popular novels, will shortly be commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY. It is called

"A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE;"

and our readers will find it one of the most fascinating and thrilling novels from the Author's pen.

PERSONS, NOT PRINCIPLES.

THE Presidential campaign has opened before the nominations have been made. The two great meetings in New York show how fully the public mind is aroused, and there is no doubt that the canvass will be loud and exciting. If it is also peculiarly personal in its character, they must bear the responsibility who have chosen to make it so. They must be held to account who, while declaring that the supremacy of Republican principles is of paramount importance, have undertaken to destroy the party upon grounds of personal preference. "Why does not General GRANT withdraw, and give peace to the party?" ask those who are opposed to him. Because he is the choice of the overwhelming majority of the party; and those who prefer some other candidate have no more right to ask or expect his withdrawal than they would have had to ask or expect that of Mr. LINCOLN, to whose renomination many of these gentlemen were hostile. Indeed, there is a letter signed by several of the Cincinnati gentlemen, which was addressed to Mr. LINCOLN in 1864, after his renomination, suggesting that he should withdraw. They were certainly poor counselors then, and they are no wiser or more reasonable now.

They have chosen, we say, to make a campaign upon a personal issue. They do not complain of Republican principles; they concede the necessity of maintaining Republican ascendency, but they do not like General GRANT. The debt is diminished—but they do not like General GRANT! Taxes are reduced, and there is greater honesty and economy in their collection—but General GRANT! The Indian policy is Christian and sagacious—but General GRANT! Our foreign relations are honorably and peacefully directed—but General GRANT! Industry revives, confidence is restored, there is a deep and general feeling of stability—but General GRANT! The country acquiesces in the settlements of the war; the Democratic party is in despair, and sees no hope either in the active or passive mood; it is dissolving if Cincinnati does not try to save it—but General GRANT! General GRANT! We all remember the war, and the wit of the good LINCOLN. Victory after victory lighted upon the banner of General GRANT. "But he's an awful whisky drinker," said somebody to Mr. LINCOLN. "I wish you'd tell me the brand, and I'll send a demijohn to every general in the army," replied the President, with twinkling eyes. And as the country sees the unquestionably good results of General GRANT's administration, yet hears that he is corrupt, ignorant, and weak, it replies with a smile that it is astonishing how well corruption, ignorance, and weakness administer the government! LINCOLN did not believe the whisky story, and the country does not believe the corruption story.

The position of the Republican opponents of General GRANT would be more reasonable if they would say frankly that they think his renomination would justify the formation of a new party, and that a new party, mainly composed of Democrats, would offer a fairer chance of pure and honest administration. This would not only be more candid, but it would be more conclusive, because it would show to the country unmistakably the necessary tendency of the Cincinnati movement. Even the *Tribune* says: "If the Democratic party, untaught by disaster, should insist on fighting over again the struggles of 1860, 1864, 1868, of course the Republicans must stand to their arms and fall into line. But of this there is no more prospect than of refighting the battle of Bunker Hill." But if within less than ten years after the battle of Bunker Hill the Sons of Liberty had been invited to desert their own friends and organization in order to unite with the Tories and red-coats in obtaining possession of the new government, on condition that the Tories and red-coats could make up their minds to acknowledge American independence, the Sons of Liberty would have laughed their exhorters to scorn. And when a tribune of the people to-day tells Republicans that to secure the ascendency of Republican principles he is willing to break up his party and unite with Democrats, provided they will agree to hold their tongues about repudiation, State sovereignty, and equal rights, he will find himself—as he should—a tribune without people.

If the Cincinnati assembly proposes to form a new party, the New York meeting, as we show elsewhere, was not an act of adhesion, for it declared itself Republican. If it does not mean to form a new party, upon what ground does it expect support from the Democrats? What difference can it possibly make to the Democratic party, as such, who is the head of a Republican Administration? But if Cincinnati does not expect the support of Democrats, its action can only divide the Republicans and tend to Democratic success. Thus the movement offers no positive probability except the defeat of the Republican party. But is that in itself so desirable a result? If there have been mistakes of administration, is that the way to correct them? On the other hand, if the party deserves defeat, why insist upon the paramount importance of Republican ascendency?

A personal campaign is repulsive to those who prefer in political discussions to subordinate persons to principles. But those who say that if General GRANT would withdraw he would give peace to the party confess that their dissatisfaction is wholly personal, and invite a campaign the character of which will show that there is no real reason for a change.

NEW YORK AND CINCINNATI.

THE meeting at the Cooper Institute to respond to the Cincinnati call was very large and very enthusiastic; but, of course, in New York an immense political meeting at a time of great excitement is very easily collected. The significance of such a meeting is to be found in the characters of its leaders, and in the appeal which it makes in the form of a platform or declaration to public approval and support. It was ostensibly a Republican meeting. The *Tribune* called it "the opening of the Liberal Republican campaign for the Presidency," and the *World* insists that the whole Cincinnati movement shall be left entirely to the Republicans, which is very sage Democratic advice; for the Democratic leaders wish to see exactly the force of the movement, that they may decide whether there is enough of it to serve as a cat's-paw for their hot chestnuts.

The "Declaration of Principles" sets forth that Republican dominance is of paramount importance. Certainly: so say we all. But the declaration fails to state how that dominance is to be secured by dividing the party. It asserts, indeed, that the success of the party does not depend upon any one individual. Certainly: so say we all. But how are the chances of that success increased by multiplying Republican candidates for the Presidency? It declares that public offices are created for the public convenience, and that they should not be bestowed as rewards for partisan purposes. Certainly: and the Republican President GRANT declares, and with a responsibility that this meeting could not possibly have, that honesty and efficiency, not political activity, will determine the tenure of office.

Republican dominance is of paramount importance, says the declaration; and when it was read fifteen Republican State Conventions had already approved the administration of General GRANT, and twelve States had instructed their delegates to vote for him in the National Convention as a candidate. And Republican dominance in the government being, according to Mr. GREELEY and his friends, so important, and the condition of any party dominance being united action, Mr. GREELEY announced at the meeting that he and his friends would bolt the Convention of his party, and go to one at Cincinnati called by gentlemen whose action led to the election of General FRANK BLAIR to the Senate. For although in their opinion Republican supremacy is essential to the national welfare, yet if Republican supremacy is sought by the nomination of a candidate whom they do not like, then Republican supremacy may go whither it listeth. And if the Republican party is divided and beaten, we are to remember that although the triumph of Republican principles is of paramount importance, yet that their success does not depend upon any single individual—which Mr. GREELEY and his friends would certainly find to be the fact if they elected a Republican individual by Democratic votes. So far as Republican principles are concerned, the meeting apparently proposed to secure their triumph by dividing the party.

If, now, we estimate this meeting from those who were conspicuous upon its platform, and whose names were telegraphed as indicating its character, what must an observer familiar with New York people and politics say? Among the gentlemen present and supporting the meeting with their sympathy were some not only of the highest character, but of a keen sense of humor. It must have been exquisitely absurd for them to contemplate the company with which they were putting off from corruption and partisan politics to seek the political millennium by way of Cincinnati.

The first thing that strikes the observer is that those of the leaders who were Republicans were all identified with what is known as the "FENTON" or "out" side in New York politics, many of them gentlemen who have been removed from office under the Administration, or whose efforts to be appointed have not been successful. "Public offices," they tell us, "are, or should be, created for public convenience, and not as rewards for partisan services." Undoubtedly: but we should like to have seen twenty of the vice-presidents whom we could select, stepping to the front of the platform and saying, "We think that men should not be appointed to office nor removed from office for partisan considerations." The explosion of laughter that would have followed would have blown up the building.

Among the vice-presidents were the names of some men of the highest character; but they are also Democrats and free-traders. Are we to understand that these gentlemen are eager and anxious to secure the triumph of Republican principles, which they have always steadily opposed? They unite with Mr. GREELEY to promote that triumph by nominating a candidate at Cincinnati. But if he should be a protectionist we fear that even their profound desire for a Republican triumph would hardly persuade them to support him, while if he were a free-trader Mr. GREELEY says that he should oppose him. And if he were neither the one nor the other, what could these Democratic gentlemen gain by going to Cincinnati—except, indeed, the triumph of Republican principles? Again, we can imagine the eyes of the humorous gentlemen whom we have mentioned as resting with satisfaction upon Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD as a stern co-laborer in the great cause of official purity. We trust that these gentlemen will see that Judge BARNARD and Judge CARDOZO join Mr. FIELD and themselves in their quest of public virtue. We offer them our respectful condolence that the lamented FISK was removed untimely, for they could have counted upon his sympathy and aid. Mr. District-Attorney FELLOWS also is mentioned in the *Tribune* as conspicuous upon the platform. He, too, is undoubtedly deeply anxious for the triumph of Republican principles, although last autumn he was equally anxious for the triumph of Mr. TWEED. But at Cincinnati, above all things, there is to be no Past; bygones are to be by-gones.

Of course we are not denying that there are good and thoughtful men interested in the Cincinnati movement, who deplore what they believe to be the fatal decadence of the Republican party. And if the Cincinnati meeting in New York had been managed by them, if its conspicuous leaders had been men above all suspicion of personal or interested motives, and if it had said frankly that in its judgment the highest welfare of the country required the defeat of the regular Republican organization, which will be represented at Philadelphia, even if that defeat were accomplished by the votes of Democrats, the meeting would have had a sincerity, a significance, and a dignity of which in fact it had no trace whatever, except the lofty tone and sincerity of Mr. SCHURZ's speech. The speech of Mr. TRUMBULL was skillful, but it was not accurate, which in such a speech is a fatal defect. The oration of Mr. SCHURZ was another expression of that high political aspiration which is native to all thoughtful and generous minds. But its fatal defect was that it failed to show any reason whatever to suppose that the success of the leaders of the meeting, or of similar leaders at Cincinnati, would offer even a probability of relief from any political evil whatever. Cincinnati asks us, in effect, to believe that any change from the present situation is desirable. It declares that the Republican party has lost the fervid inspiration of its youth, and therefore it must give place to—what? That is the vital question; and Cincinnati has no answer for it.

THE UNJUST JUDGES.

BEFORE this paper is issued we hope that the Judiciary Committee of the Assembly of New York will have reported in favor of the impeachment of the judges against whom charges have been preferred by the most responsible authority. Misdemeanors quite sufficient to justify peremptory removal have been established by the investigation, and the Reform Legislature would have done much to merit its name should it bring the judges to trial. The degradation of certain parts of the bench in the city of New York is notorious. There are good and respected magistrates, but the fame of the whole bench is sullied by the character and conduct of some judges who disgrace it. They are judges who are wholly without public confidence and respect. They are judges before whom every honest man would shrink to appear, and who cover the name of justice itself with odium.

It is not necessary that gross and open corruption be proved beyond cavil. But when the reputation of a judge is gone, when the indecency of his personal conduct upon the bench and his plain perversion of the intention of the law are so constant and so flagrant that public trust in him is destroyed, then the authority of law, the dignity of its tribunals, the sense of security which is indispensable to the public welfare, all suffer. These are considerations which neither the Judiciary Committee nor the intelligent and honorable members of the Assembly are likely to overlook. We can not, of course, speak of the due trial and removal of unjust judges as a party question. But neither can we forget that it is the Republicans in the Legislature who must decide whether this radical injury to the good order and stability of society itself should be longer tolerated. Amidst the universal demand for reform, let it be seen throughout the country that the Republican Legislature of New York does not hesitate to strike at unjust judges—the most threatening of all perils to civilized society.

THE PRESIDENT AND REFORM.

THE debate in the House of Representatives upon the appropriation for carrying into effect the rules adopted by the President in regard to the civil service shows distinctly that, notwithstanding the eloquence and efforts of worthy champions of the cause, the feeling of the House has not changed since the time when it treated Mr. JENCKES's efforts at reform with profound contempt. The debate was followed by the publication of the Executive order upon approving the regulations suggested by the Advisory Board, which shows that the position of the President is unchanged, and that he does not hesitate to say with perfect frankness that honesty and efficiency shall determine the tenure of the office. But that the President alone can change the vicious practice in which all parties have so long acquiesced, it is idle to suppose. He can do much, as he has done much, despite the most flagrant misrepresentation of his action; and it is very convenient to hold him solely responsible for every abuse and defect of the service. But to a thorough reform, which the President has done more than any Executive to begin, a very great change of public feeling is indispensable.

It is often said that the President has no real interest in the subject, and that his action is merely a tub to the whale. There is a cry for reform, it is alleged, partly sincere and largely dishonest; and the President yields to it, knowing that his friends in Congress will paralyze all his efforts. The President is not a man to play so miserably transparent a game. Nothing could harm him more seriously, and without even a chance of advantage. In various messages he has urged action. Congress at its last session authorized him to do something. Under that authority he proceeded, and asked the assistance of Congress, and Congress contemptuously flings the subject out of the window. To suppose that this is a play by which the President expects to impose upon the country is merely to show the profoundest ignorance of the whole subject.

Nor is it true that the President's especial friends are the especial enemies of the reform. The record of the vote in both Houses shows that there is great difference of opinion among those who agree upon many other points. Thus in the Senate Mr. CARPENTER, who conspicuously opposes the reform, is certainly no better nor more efficient friend of the President than Mr. EDMUNDS, who is one of its warmest advocates; and Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN, who introduced the bill for the appropriation, is as faithful a supporter of the Administration as Mr. CHANDLER, who voted against it. The question is an open one to all parties and all parts of parties. If it be said that the foes of the President are the friends of the reform, it is no less true

that among the most earnest supporters of those foes are those who have the least faith in the reform.

The Advisory Board have recommended, as they state in their report, all that is practicable under existing circumstances. They have very carefully considered the subject, and if their estimate of what is practicable under these circumstances be correct, their recommendations will be satisfactory, as providing for a faithful beginning of an improved system. But it would be rather unreasonable, except upon the part of those who are resolved that nothing honest, or honorable, or efficient is to be expected of the Administration, to suppose that every abuse or cause of complaint in the service will instantly disappear. The President will unquestionably do his part in perfect good faith, and if his critics will ascertain the facts before they denounce him, they will promote their own peace of mind and materially enhance the value of their criticisms.

The intelligent people of this country, who sincerely wish that the public service should be constantly elevated and improved, and cease to be regarded as the booty of a victorious party, will not forget the words in which, forty years ago, that evil system was justified by a Democratic leader, "To the victor belong the spoils of the enemy." The constitutional theories of that party having been rejected by the country, its great policy of government by the aristocratic element having failed, its chief political support—the interest of human slavery—having been swept away, a Republican President quietly states what he believes to be the true policy of a free popular government, in officially declaring that

"The utmost fidelity and diligence will be expected of all officers in every branch of the public service. Political assessments, as they are called, have been forbidden within the various departments; and while the right of all persons in official position to take part in politics is acknowledged, and the elective franchise is recognized as a high trust, to be discharged by all entitled to its exercise, whether in the employment of the Government or in private life, honesty and efficiency, not political activity, will determine the tenure of office."

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which meets in Brooklyn on the 1st of May, will be expected to settle the vexed Book Concern controversy. The proceedings of all the parties, the two Agents and the Book Committee, will come before the body for review. It was announced in the *Christian Advocate* last June that examiners had been appointed to go over the books of account from 1852 to the present time, and to report fully what they find. If the examination has been made, there must be some results to report.

The General Conference owes it to the Church which it represents to meet this question fearlessly, and to act upon it decidedly. If Dr. Lanahan is right, he should not only be freed from all censure, but thanked for his tenacity in insisting upon a thorough investigation. An honest though mistaken man should receive the credit due his honesty; but an honest man who has maintained the right in the face of a formidable opposition is entitled to the unqualified approval of the community he serves. Even the ungodly world pays its tribute to unflinching integrity. The Christian church is expected to do even better than the world.

And this leads us to say that the Book Concern question rises above the level of mere business. It is much more a question of morals. Its bearing on the business principles and practices of the many members of the great Methodist communion is so important that the General Conference can not safely leave it unsettled. Like priest, like people, will prove itself true here as it has heretofore. If the Church as a manufacturer, publisher, and bookseller has a doubtful reputation in the business world, how can its members be expected to be spotless? The administration of a religious publishing house must be above even suspicion of wrong. The entire Methodist Church is affected by the serious imputations upon the management of the Book Concern, and must have for its own protection an investigation which shall declare the whole truth.

Nor need the General Conference have any difficulty in determining whether there is or is not a case. The material must be by this time thoroughly sifted. After so much inspection of books and accounts, the simple question whether frauds upon the Book Concern have been committed must be susceptible of a quick determination. A committee of citizens went through the complicated accounts of the city of New York in two months, and made a report which has never been challenged. The accounts of the Methodist Book Concern have been subjected to examination for nearly a year and a half, and certainly what they tell is by this time ascertainable. Any ordinary business house would have discovered whether it had been defrauded, in a few weeks' time. It is a perpetual wonder to the outside world how it has taken so long to make up a decision upon the past management of a religious publishing institution.

It is a fortunate circumstance that this General Conference will be, in part, composed of laymen. It is no disparagement to the ministers to say that the laymen can better than they see the significance of business facts. It is said, in the denominational papers, that the lay delegates are men of superior intelligence and business qualifications. The Book Concern question will be in their line, and if the Conference is wise it will give them a leading part in its determination.

Nothing will be worse for the Church than an appearance of shuffling, as though the Book Concern trouble was something to be got out of the way. If the public should settle down in the opinion that the Methodist Church is indifferent to a case of business morals which comes so closely home to it, the public will draw conclusions unfavorable to the Church. In all such trouble there is only one way out—to face the truth and to bring the wrong to the light of day. If we mistake not, Dr. Lanahan is willing to abide this test, and why should not the Book Concern?

VIA CINCINNATI TO PHILADELPHIA.

We have devoted much space to the proposed assembly at Cincinnati, because, under an aspect and promise of great reform and improvement, it has seemed to us to conceal the gravest danger to the country. It is a movement without plan, or policy, or organization. It is simply the taking of a risk in which every reasonable chance is against success. The honest, and desponding, and intriguing, and discontented, and disappointed, and thoughtless, and ambitious naturally look to such a movement, and with hopes as various as their motives. But we are glad to see that as the time for the meeting approaches the conditions upon which support will be accorded by Republicans to the Cincinnati movement are more plainly stated.

Thus in Pennsylvania the call says, "Accepting the proposed Convention *as entirely of and within the Republican party*, and as designed to promote the success of Republican measures liberalized," etc. In Massachusetts the call asserts that the Cincinnati invitation includes "only those who have sustained, and who pledge themselves by no act or word to endanger, the vital principles of the Republican party." The Chicago *Tribune* also favors the theory that the Cincinnati movement implies the dissolution of the Democratic party and continued Republican dominance.

To all this the Chicago *Times* objects. It says, very emphatically, that "as Democrats are expected to furnish votes to elect the Cincinnati nominee, they should be consulted......If it be made on the one part a *sine qua non* that the Democratic party organization shall perish, then it will be made on the other part a *sine qua non* that the Republican party organization shall perish." The New York *Tribune* says that it hopes and expects that there will be only two Republican tickets in the field and no other; but if there be a Democratic ticket, it will support the Republican which seems most likely to succeed. If the Chicago *Times* speaks for its party, of which there can be no doubt, the *Tribune* will finally support the Philadelphia candidate. And the New York and Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and other delegates to Cincinnati, who sincerely wish to promote Republican measures, and not to endanger Republican principles, will, in that case, finally pitch their tents in peace at Philadelphia.

PERSONAL.

Few men of his years and time have had so much of business and political success as Milton S. Latham, of California. In 1853 he emigrated from Alabama to California, and at twenty-five, looking like a boy, came to Washington as a member of Congress. He declined a re-election. In 1855 he was made Collector of the port of San Francisco, in 1860 elected Governor, and three days after his inauguration chosen a Senator in Congress for six years. He was uniformly genial and pleasant with members of all parties, had no angular points, and made money with the ease of a fortune's favorite. For several years he has been president of the principal bank of San Francisco, is a millionaire at forty, a fine scholar, and has one of the most extensive and choice libraries in California, if not in the country.

—It is said of Mr. Sidney Woollett, the gentleman who recites so admirably, that his memory is so remarkable that in his public recitations he never uses a book, and can recite at call any one of two thousand pieces. He recently gave the entire "Courtship of Miles Standish" without referring to book or memoranda.

—Reverend Cudworth is chaplain of the Massachusetts Legislature. He has views. And in what he calls "addressing the Throne of Grace" he sometimes makes a little stump speech at honorable members, as per following sample, a few mornings since, on the woman question: "The earth is Thine, O Lord, and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein; and now another of the world's great questions presses into this chamber for an answer—What can we do for woman? And clamor answers, 'Let her vote;' clamor answers again, 'Don't let her vote.' Clamor thunders, clamor whines; clamor prays, clamor jeers. Shall we hear the jeer of clamor? God forbid! If there be any stain of a right withheld from bright, blessed beings—those who as mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, companions, friends, make up so much of the happiness of the commonwealth's homes—give us wisdom clear enough to see and will strong enough to expunge that stain from the records of our otherwise prosperous vote." Now that is what we call rather a neat thing in its way, especially as it goes out to the freemen of Massachusetts as a part of the legislative proceedings.

—Mr. Little, of New Jersey, has invented an ingenious arrangement by which copies of messages sent by telegraph can be left at different stations along the line of transmission. By means of a rheostat at each station the current is divided, one portion passing onward by the wire, the other portion doing its work and passing to the earth. The telegraph employed belongs to the printing variety.

—Mr. Gordon Bennett, Jun., of the *Herald*, and Mr. August Belmont have been placing their money upon uncertain events. Mr. Bennett has betted his ten thousand dollars against Mr. Belmont's four thousand that General Grant will be the next President of the United States.

—The citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, have held a preliminary meeting for the purpose of taking measures to erect a monument to the memory of William Gilmore Simms, the most distinguished author that has been produced by the South.

—We forbear to give the name of that Western editor who recently described a new hearse as "a splendid though sad vehicle."

—Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, of the Philadelphia *Press*, who knows more clever people who have flourished during the last half century than any man on the planet, has a "Book of Signers," which embraces letters and autographs from persons, at home and abroad, who have achieved eminence in science, literature, and art. The doctor bought this book twenty years ago at a little book-stall in London. It contains four hundred autographs of nearly all the great actors and authors who have been connected with the stage during the last century, and is probably the only collection of its kind ever made.

—In one respect Mr. Motley, our late minister to England, was unlike most of his predecessors. He paid more for the rent of his residence in London (formerly the residence of the Earl of Clarendon) than the entire amount of his salary as minister. At the same time the elegance and refinement of his entertainments were the subject of commendation by the most opulent and best cultured people in London.

—Mr. Bancroft, it is said, is the only member of the diplomatic corps who enjoys any intimacy with the Emperor William. Mr. B. is a conspicuous member of literary and official society there, as he was and is here; and in Berlin, as in Central Park, enjoyed eminence when occupied in movement on that noble animal, the horse.

—Speaking of "Erie," it is said by a son of toil in New England that "Bischoffsheim's foot is on his native Heath."

—Mr. Sumner is reported to be somewhat reticent about Cincinnati. Since his displacement from the Committee on Foreign Relations he has not been so constantly in his seat as formerly, and relaxes himself by dining out two or three times a week. He entertains in his own house in a style worthy of his fame, and thither resort the most cultured people who visit Washington. With newspaper folk he is especially "newsy," chatty, and agreeable. Foreign diplomats are among his most constant callers, and regard him evidently as a power in the land, notwithstanding his antagonism to the administration, and the hot fight in which he is engaged with certain of his Senatorial brethren.

—A Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* expresses the opinion, and, as Major De Boots says, expresses it "boldly," that Mr. Speaker Blaine is one of the ablest men and most successful politicians in America. As Speaker he has had the rare good fortune to please the Democrats of the House as well as the Republicans. He never runs about after the day's work is done to conciliate somebody on whom he has made a point. On the contrary, he is a combative, decided, real man of the world, who takes some delight in animated, chivalrous address and attack, and is proud to bear himself well in the fiercest debate. He distributes no garden seeds, never perambulates the country in the interests of the lyceum, but is anchored to his place, and makes his amphitheatre the public station. He is in the prime of life (forty-two), with healthy hair, and beard partly turned in color, but very strong and luxuriant; and his face and physique are imposing and striking. His eyes are notable for their fine grayish-hazel light, and his manners are democratic and engaging: something of the naval commander looks in the man. He has no affectations, sentimentalities, or weaknesses; tells a story well, and listens to one with radiant encouragement; and, as a host, is delightful. In short, Mr. Blaine is a type of the modern public man, sharing the better ambitions of his countrymen, apprehensive of the drift and bearing of opinion, fond of large and wholesome public occupation, and delighting in life, movement, and encounter. He has a large and interesting family, and his private affairs show the same organized condition and prosperity as his public.

—Mr. Disraeli's reception at Manchester, whither he went a few days since to deliver a speech, was a very remarkable one. Forty thousand people attended it and passed before him in procession. He alluded to it as "an honor unparalleled in the life of any public man." Journals of different politics take different views of his speech, but all take occasion to speak in commendatory terms of the remarkable ability of the man. The *Saturday Review* says the people "may have naturally wished to show their sympathy with a public man who has never been tame or commonplace, whose audacity is unrivaled, and who can always speak so as to give his hearers a little to think over and much to remember." Mr. Disraeli unites two very opposite characteristics, which are very rarely conjoined. He is, on the one hand, a man standing alone, isolated; keeping by sheer force of intellect his hold on a party that long distrusted him; with no backing of fortune or connection to support him; a master of invective, a lover of keen personal debate. On the other hand, he has the sense of dignity which Englishmen like to see in their statesmen. He loves solemnities; he keeps the House of Commons up to its higher level; he can be reserved and reticent when prudence commands; he thoroughly understands the conduct of an opposition. In whatever light the matter is looked at it may be fairly said that Mr. Disraeli has earned the honors now vouchsafed to him; and those who see nothing in his political philosophy to enlighten them, or in his present opinions to serve them as a guide to the future, may cheerfully acknowledge that, if the Lancashire populace chose to be enthusiastic about him, it had at least as good grounds for its enthusiasm as ordinarily justify the excitement of the hour.

—Mr. James Anthony Froude, the historian, and Mr. Edmund Yates, the dramatist, have been positively articled to the American Literary Bureau for lectures during the ensuing autumn and winter. Mr. Froude says, "I propose to begin my lectures at the opening of the season, and I shall trust to you to keep me informed as to the time." Mr. Yates says, "I purpose arriving in the States about the middle of August, and visiting Newport and other watering-places till the end of September, by which time I shall be ready to commence my lectures." Mr. Yates's lectures will be: "Princes of the Pen"—Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, and Tennyson—which will consist mostly of personal reminiscences of these writers, with original letters and anecdotes. "English Society" is a description of high and low life in England as seen in the parks, at the opera, in country homes, London, at the sea-side, or the court. This lecture will be illustrated by life-size cartoons by Frith, Leech, and Stone. In a lecture on "The British Parliament" Mr. Yates will describe the proceedings of that body, with personal sketches of its members. The fourth lecture, on "Good Authors at a Discount," is a purely literary essay on various good writers whose works are but little known.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the House of Representatives, April 15, the River and Harbor Improvement bill, appropriating about five millions, including $225,000 for Hell Gate, was passed, as was also a bill for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the depredations on the Mexican frontier. Mr. Sumner gave notice in the Senate, April 18, that when the Amnesty bill comes up again he will move as an amendment the Supplemental Civil Rights bill. In the House, on the same day, a bill to incorporate the Great Salt Lake and Colorado River Railroad Company, and to grant it right of way through public lands, was taken up and passed.

The Postal Appropriation bill was reported in the Senate April 19. As amended, it doubles for ten years the mail service and subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company between San Francisco and China, so as to provide for a fortnightly trip. The Civil Service Reform bill was recommitted in the House on the same day, and a message was received from the President concerning the Ku-Klux outrages in South Carolina.

Memorial services for the late Professor S. F. B. Morse were held in various parts of the United States April 16. At the Washington meeting sympathetic telegrams were received from all parts of the world.

A mild shock of earthquake was felt at Meridian, Mississippi, April 16. It passed from northeast to southwest, taking in York, Alabama, and Enterprise, Mississippi.

According to the Fire Marshal's report the total loss by the late conflagration at Chicago was $190,526,500, of which $52,000,000 was on buildings and $138,526,500 on personal property. The insurance was about $90,000,000. The origin of the fire was not ascertained.

The Committee of Seventy's charter for New York city passed the Legislature April 18. Its leading feature is the cumulative principle of voting. The Board of Aldermen, consisting of forty-five members, is all-powerful, while the authority of the Mayor is greatly reduced. The new officials will be chosen on the third Tuesday in May.

The Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department reports that during the year ending April 10 there were 1370 fires, causing a loss of $1,633,253, compared with 1105 fires and a loss of $2,389,063 for the previous year.

In the State Senate, April 18, a bill was passed for constructing the Vanderbilt Under-ground Railroad from the City Hall to Fifty-ninth Street, with a branch road under the Central Park to connect with the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The German government has formally notified the Bishop of Ermeland that sentences of excommunication clash with the civil law, and that the consent of the government must be obtained before such sentences are pronounced. The bishop replies that civil honor is in no way affected by excommunication.

The sitting of the tribunal for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims opened at Geneva on the morning of April 15. None of the five arbitrators were present. Great Britain and the United States only were represented, the former by Lord Tenterden and Messrs. Taylor and Bernard, and the latter by Messrs. J. Bancroft Davis, Caleb Cushing, and Charles C. Beaman. The official proceedings were confined to the delivery of documents to the secretary of the tribunal, who will transmit them to the arbitrators. A note accompanied the English "case."

The Marquis of Bute was wedded to a daughter of the famous house of Howard, at the Brompton Oratory, April 16. The Pope sent a present to the bride, and among the witnesses of the ceremony were the Baroness Burdett Coutts and Baron Rothschild.

The consular convention between Germany and the United States has been ratified by the Reichstag.

At the close of the session of the Hungarian Diet, April 16, the Emperor Francis Joseph referred to the successful working of the Austro-Hungarian compromise, which has been in operation five years. He also spoke hopefully of the future of Hungary.

Another revolution is impending in Spain.

The Spanish government is said to have received assurances from other powers of their determination to put down the Internationals.

President Thiers is open to the charge of inconsistency, in having written to King Amadeus assuring him that France is interested in the consolidation of dynastic institutions in Spain.

The French passport system has again been abrogated.

A band of Mexican filibusters have been arrested by the commandant of the United States forces at Fort M'Intosh, Texas, for violating the neutrality laws of our nation.

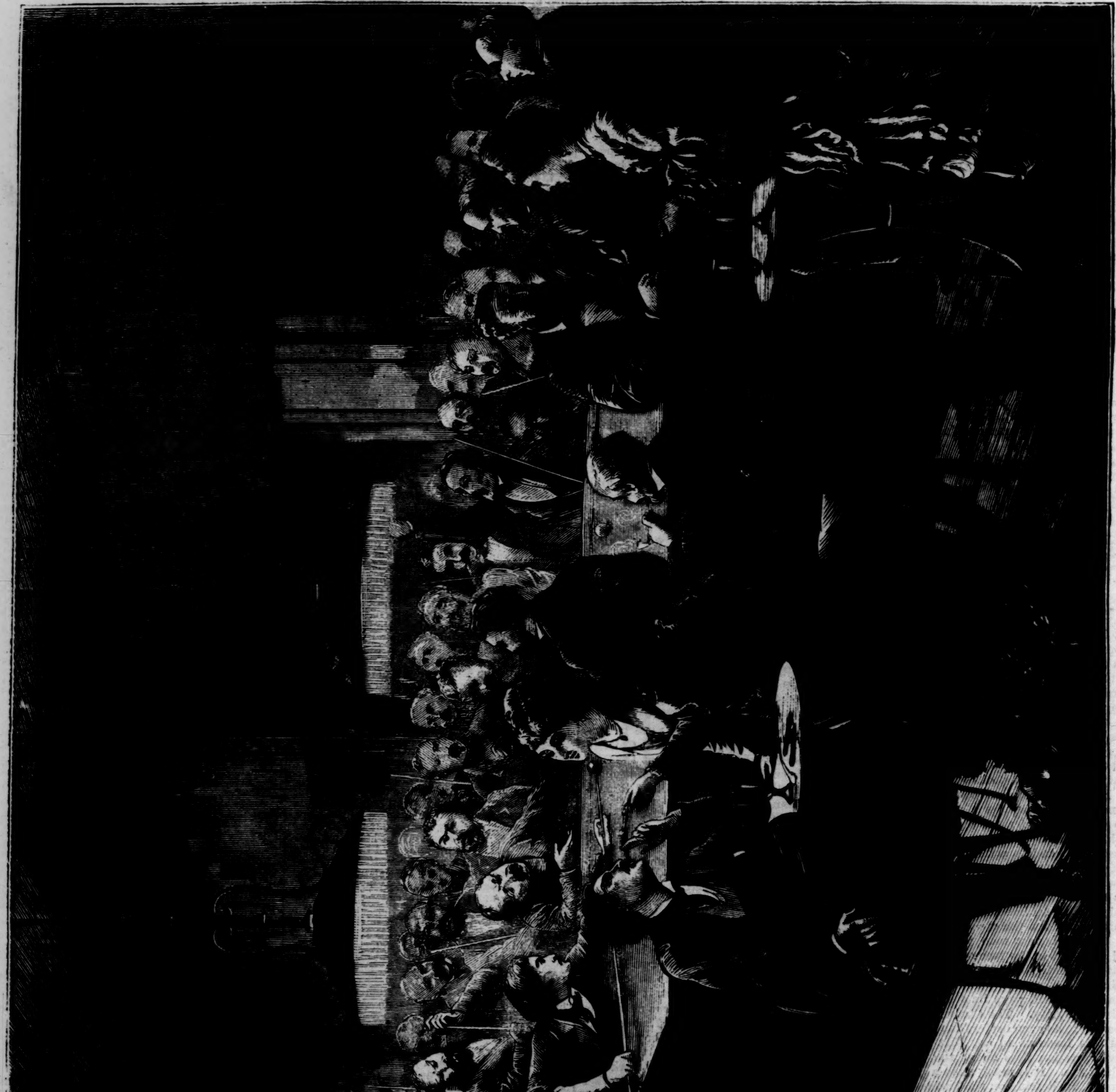
M. Catacazy, whose case has been carefully considered by the Russian Council, has left St. Petersburg in utter disgrace. He will, however, be allowed a pension of $2250 so long as he gives no further offence to his government.

Much property has been damaged in the western part of Australia by a cyclone.

THE FRENCH LIBERATION FUND.

THE French people are naturally most anxious to get rid of the German conquerors who still hold sway in six of the eastern departments, and a French correspondent informs us that at one time all the world of Paris—rich and poor, tradesmen and artisans, merchants and clerks—did all they could to contribute to the fund for paying off the invaders, and so inducing them to quit the soil which they held as a material guarantee. The sums raised in this manner were trifling compared to the enormous amount demanded; but there is something pathetic in the patriotic sentiment evinced by these contributions. When we learn that shopkeepers gave freely a day's gross receipts, and that artists painted pictures for the same purpose, we can not but respect the feeling which dictated the sacrifice, although the idea of ever wresting the conquered provinces from the grasp of Germany may be regarded as hopeless as the restoration of the independence of Poland.

The picture on this page represents a scene which recently took place in a billiard café on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, where a company of professional artists got up a pool, in which all the usual customers of the house played every evening for eight successive days. In this manner a very considerable sum of money was raised; and the example was followed in many similar establishments.



PLAYING POOL IN A PARIS CAFÉ IN AID OF THE TERRITORIAL LIBERATION FUND.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

THE illustration on the opposite page represents the interior of a public school in a country village of France—the little hamlet of Quoisrette, near the Swiss border. It is a barren, cheerless apartment: on one side a bed; near the centre a stove, a rude table, and benches for the pupils; on the wall hangs a flag. The room serves at once for a bedroom, kitchen, town-hall, and school-room! About a dozen girls and boys make up the school. The master is a grave middle-aged man, with a pathetic air of resignation in his bearing. And truly the rural schoolmasters in France have need of resignation. They are divided into two classes. Those of the first receive 500 francs a year; those of the second 400! Even where living is cheap and wants are simple they barely keep from starving on their miserable pittance.

In addition to this they have to contend with the constant opposition of the Romish priesthood, those enemies of popular education in all countries, even where the instruction is wholly in the hands of teachers of their own faith. It is so under the republic as well as under the empire. On several occasions, when NAPOLEON III. still occupied the throne, immense petitions were sent from Alsace and other parts of France, praying for a system of public education on a par with that of Switzerland, that of America, that of Prussia; but the prayers of the people

were disdainfully spurned by the government, by the Senate, and by the Corps Législatif. "You must not ask for obligatory education," said one of the government orators; "it would be contrary to our customs. It is pretended that the system has succeeded in other countries—in America, Switzerland, and Prussia—*as if France were beneath Prussia!* Gentlemen, you might as well lay aside these idle dreams, for really we must decline to consider them seriously."

Poor France! It was but a few months after the delivery of this vainglorious speech when she was indeed "beneath Prussia." And her wisest statesmen, among whom M. Thiers is not to be reckoned, perceive that the question of popular education, which is again agitating the country, is one of vital importance. But the priesthood have thrown the whole weight of their opposition on the side of popular ignorance. When, last December, the Minister of Public Instruction embodied in his report a plan for compulsory education in the primary branches, such as reading, writing, and elementary mathematics, "all the forces of the party of darkness," in the words of a French journalist, "were instantly leagued against it." The commission charged with the duty of examining the project was hostile to its adoption. Opponents were drummed up every where; there was a perfect rain of hostile pamphlets denouncing the system; and amidst the ecclesiastical thunders from hundreds of pulpits, the Archbishop of Rouen proclaimed that this innovation, if adopted by the government, would prove to be a *greater public calamity than all the disasters of the war!* The project was, of course, voted down, and the children of France are compelled, against their will, to grow up in ignorance, while across the Rhine and in the provinces which have passed under Prussian rule by the fortune of war the people enjoy all those great educational advantages for which France appeals in vain.

Such is the situation in a country where the Romish priesthood have the management of education in their own hands. Schools are discouraged, and the most elementary instruction regarded with suspicion by these enemies of popular enlightenment. "God alone can tell," says

POPULAR EDUCATION IN FRANCE—A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.—[See Page 348.]

the writer from whom we have just quoted, "what is to become of us if this condition of affairs is to continue. Alas, unhappy France! Low as thou art sunken in the depths of misfortune and misery, we fear there still is a lower depth to be sounded."

ABOUT THAT MASQUERADE.

A WORD to the wise is sufficient; but as there are a few people not liberally endowed with wisdom, it may be as well to favor them with more than one word. At all events, I have determined to give a candid account of what befell me in that affair at Babbletown.

You see, it was to be an exclusive affair, and I knew that all the best people were concerned in it; so that when Kitty and I got a card of invitation, I was determined to go. We had held on by extraordinary exertion—one might almost say by the skin of our teeth—to a scrambling position in society, and I was somewhat glad that this was to be the finishing up of the winter's revelry.

"It 'll cost so much," said Kitty; "there's the gloves, and the carriage, and the costumes. I think, Tom, we'd better give it up."

"As to the gloves," I replied, "we can have our lemon kids cleaned; I know I can manage about the carriage. So you see, Kitty, there's only the costumes left; and with a woman of genius like you, my dear, that's only a matter of time and patience. You must have lots of filigree stuff about the house that can be manufactured into something."

"Well," said Kitty, with an air of resignation, "what 'll you wear, Tom?"

"Oh, there's lots of things you know, Kitty, lots of things that I can wear." Saying which, I departed.

I had made up my mind to consult MacMurray about my costume, when I should get to the store. It seems absurd to me to have to explain who MacMurray is. He's so well known, so looked up to, holds such an enviable position among the boys at the store, he's so consulted, and admired, and envied, that it seems to me every body ought to know MacMurray. He's a kind of an oracle at Smithers & Co's. Whenever there's any thing going on that requires tact, or experience, or talent, MacMurray of the B stock is always called upon. It is currently believed that the respectable gentleman at the head of the B stock is merely a figure-head, and if he hadn't money in the business, would long ago have been deposed in MacMurray's favor.

I went to him at noon-time.

"I don't suppose you'd do me the favor to dine with me, MacMurray," I said to him, "but I'd like to ask your advice about a little social affair that's on the tapis down at our place."

"I shall be happy to oblige you in any way, Tom," he replied, which after all was but fair, for I had spent many a night figuring for him at home. "I'll try your German saloon to-day, Tom—my dinners cost me a dollar a day, and they're not always up to the mark. Let's go down to Fatherland, and have some of that thin sour wine they delight in there."

I can't deny that I felt rather proud to have MacMurray walk down the street with me. I was too much of an ass to know that the contrast was extremely damaging to my personal appearance, and very flattering to MacMurray's. He was a deucedly handsome fellow, six feet two in his stockings, and proportioned accordingly, with a mustache that was a sight to see. I had a pretty fair one of my own, but I never could do it justice. MacMurray could afford to wax his, and make the most of it. His position in the B stock enabled him to cultivate a mustache; but I was compelled to subdue mine, to keep it down, to make it shaggy and unpretending. If I had gone down into our department with a waxed mustache, there'd have been a howl of derision immediately, and I should very probably have been flattened with a bale of batting or a few pieces of crash.

Then MacMurray dressed in the tip of the fashion, and yet evinced a certain delicate taste. There wasn't a gambler of the most gentlemanly sort in Broadway that could excel Mac in a kind of artistic perfection about his toilet. You couldn't point out any part of it that took your eye—his hat, or his coat, or his boots; there was what the French call a *je ne sais quoi* about it that formed a most excellent completion. So you can easily see that the diminutive, worked-out, bloodless, shabby chap in the well-worn suit of gray, didn't cut much of a dash by the side of him. I felt quite honored, however, and did my best to amuse him, with a kind of tact I had for looking at the humorous side of things; so that he declared, when we came out of the saloon, that if it hadn't been for me he should have been disgusted with the thing.

"They put sugar, Tom, where they ought to put salt, and salt where it wants sugar, and they wait till every thing rots before they eat it; and those raw potatoes, Tom, in vinegar—pah!"

"Well, you can get so much food for so little money," I replied, apologetically, and ungratefully, for the nice clean German saloon was good enough for a prince, let alone MacMurray.

But all this time there was very little said about the masquerade. Every time I'd suggest the subject he'd waive it off, till at last, as we were going back to the store, I told him I thought of taking the character of Don Cesar de Bazan.

Upon which he burst out laughing. I reddened a little, and he hastened to beg my pardon.

"The fact is, Tom, you know you must wear tights in Don Cesar."

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, nothing, old fellow, but you know you want something in the way of legs, to wear tights."

"That's all stuff," I replied; "every body pads, in that sort of thing."

"Yes—but you know—confound it, Tom, I hate to talk this way, but you will ask my advice."

"Certainly," I said, a little gruffly; "speak out."

"Well, you know it don't matter in any thing else; but if a chap happens to be a little knock-kneed, it plays the deuce with him in tights. There isn't one fellow in a hundred that's all right in that way, and yet they will make themselves ridiculous by wearing these things."

"Perhaps I'd better think of something else," I said, considerably crest-fallen. "What do you say to something with flowing drapery—that of a Roman Senator, for instance? How about the toga?"

He turned, and looked down upon me with a mixture of surprise and amusement.

"You're joking, Tom!" he said.

"No, I ain't," I said, getting red in the face again. "I never felt less like joking in my life. Why in thunder shouldn't I wear the toga?"

"Why, my dear Tom, the toga requires considerable in the way of shoulders. You see, now, it's impossible for a fellow, with the life you lead down in that place, bending over the desk, scribbling from morning till night—it's out of the question for you or any man to have any thing much in that line. The shoulders are necessarily narrow, and there's more or less of a stoop. Of course you can do as you please, but I wouldn't advise you to wear the toga."

"Will you be kind enough to tell me," I said, "what in thunder I *can* wear? If there's any costume outside of Richard the Third that will suit a knock-kneed hunchback, perhaps you'll let me know."

"Why, I'll tell you, my boy, the very thing—take the character of Touchstone—that 'll suit you exactly!"

"It's a kind of clown, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, it's Shakspearean, you know—but excuse me, Tom." MacMurray put up his glass. "There's a lady over there on the corner bowing to me. I can't exactly place her; but of course she's an acquaintance. I meet so many ladies; but it's strange I can't recognize her; she's so confoundedly pretty—by Jove! what a nice little foot! She's a beautiful little creature!"

MacMurray hurried on, bowing gracefully, and smiling as he went.

The lady was waiting for an opportunity to cross Broadway; and, as she came very seldom to the city, was afraid of the horses, and the crowds of people rushing to and fro. She made two or three efforts to get across, then went back and waited patiently.

"Good-by, Tom," said MacMurray, benignly dismissing me, and hastening over to her, "good-by, old fellow."

"I think the lady is bowing to me, Mac," I said, following him; "she's my wife!"

"Your wife!" he repeated, standing stock-still and staring at me.

"Yes, if a poor devil like me can claim such an appendage. If you've got time, I'll introduce you."

He muttered something about its being a pleasure, but I could see that he was dumfoundered; and after Kitty shook hands with him, and began to talk in her wise, womanly way, and he got close enough to see that she was really beautiful, he was more amazed than ever.

It was strange that my pride wasn't touched at his utter surprise that she should have been my wife; but the truth was, I was often surprised myself. When, in one of my two weeks' holidays in summer, I stumbled upon her father's farm, and boarded there, and was so madly in love with her that I told her I couldn't live without her, I thought of course she'd tell me to go die, and I never had quite recovered from my surprise when she left all that quiet loveliness in the country, and was quite content to scrabble along with me, plain-looking and poor as I was, and was likely to be. That day in Broadway she was prettier than ever, with her cheeks all glowing in the wintry air, and her eyes full of wonder at the busy scene about her. With all her prettiness, there was nothing to excuse about her. If she had been bashful and awkward, her beauty would have glossed it over; but Kitty was never any thing but composed and graceful, and a little lady from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. I was ass enough to be proud of MacMurray's admiration of her. I drew her out, and endeavored to show all her pretty paces to this noble connoisseur. I was delighted to see his face light up with interest and commendation.

We went down to the train with her, and MacMurray bade her good-by as if he had known her for years. The old apple-woman looked at them as he bowed over her hand and raised his hat.

"Bedad, they're well matched," she said; "they're a handsome couple!"

It seems incredible to me now that the old woman's words didn't cut me a little, but I walked back to the store with MacMurray without a pang. All the way he talked about my little rose-bud, as he called her, and vowed he had never seen a lovelier creature in his life. "By-the-way," he said, as he reached the store door, "I'll run down to your place some night, and we'll talk over that business of the masquerade."

I hastened in a little flustered, for I knew I was late, and our junior stood at the door, looking black as a thunder-cloud.

"This is a pretty time to get back to business, Bruce," he said to me; "what do you mean by wasting your time in this way?"

"I was detained, Sir, unavoidably," I replied, stiffly, for I hated the man, and would have liked to knock him down.

"Bah!" he growled, "you might just as well steal our goods as our time."

I choked down a rising exclamation, and went down to my work. At that moment I heard him speak quite jocularly to MacMurray, who spent half his time in the street.

My righteous wrath for my superior did not abate until I had drawn an immense caricature of him, representing him as a petty tyrant and a toady, and taking up all one corner of the sketch in delineating his future punishment. After handing this around to my fellow-clerks to admire, my anger was appeased, and I dropped it under the desk.

Then I forgot the existence of Mr. Bullock, our junior, and went manfully to work improving the time that he was so miserly of.

That night when I went home, I found that Kitty was, in her quiet way, as enthusiastic over MacMurray as he had been over her. He was so handsome, she thought, and gentlemanly, and kind.

"He seems to be so fond of you, Tom; I thought his manner was so nice to you. Don't you think a good deal of him, Tom?"

"Oh, ever so much, Kitty; I adore him!"

"No; but, Tom, aren't you really friends, like—like lots of people, real companions, you know? I'd be so glad for you to have such a nice kind fellow for a friend."

I immediately persuaded Kitty that we were like Damon and Pythias, or Orestes and Pylades—almost like the Siamese twins; "only you know, Kitty," I added, "of course we don't see much of each other in the store, because I'm in a different position; a great deal less exalted."

"I'm sure I don't know why," said Kitty, indignantly.

"Well, he's a tremendous fellow, you know; dresses to kill, and all that sort of thing."

"Fine feathers don't make fine birds," said Kitty.

"But he's a fine bird, Kitty," I said, dolefully, remembering the knock-knees and the hunchback.

"Yes, indeed, I'm sure he's as good as he's handsome," said Kitty, and I remembered this conversation afterward.

Kitty was in a great flutter when, two or three nights after, MacMurray came down to supper, to talk about the masquerade.

"I've persuaded your husband to take the character of Touchstone," he said to her, "and we must study up Shakspeare a little, to carry it out."

Kitty said very little, but went about hither and thither, "on hospitable thoughts intent," while MacMurray all the time followed her with his eyes full of admiration.

He was delighted with every thing—with the pleasant little sitting-room, its bright, chintz-covered furniture lighted up by a cheery fire, with the neat little kitchen, and the inviting supper all waiting for us when we came from the train. He never saw such biscuits (and truly I think he never did), never tasted such coffee; and as for the custard, well, he supposed in a suburb like that we might get milk and eggs, but for his people it was impossible.

The night wore away pleasantly, and we put him to sleep in our own bed-chamber, stowing ourselves away as best we could on lounges or chairs—Heaven knows what trouble it cost us in every way, those visits of MacMurray's! I saw that Kitty was more than usually interested in the masquerade, and resolved not to spoil any of her fun, she had so little of it, poor child!

As for me, I was a little tired—worked out, I suppose. It was such a discouraging old tread-mill, that work-room of ours. A man might toil, with brain in hand, from dawn till midnight, and not get one kind word in return. To be sure, we were paid, but money is not every thing when it is so very little money.

Besides, it turned the house upside down, having MacMurray down there three or four nights in the week. I began to get a little tired of his chivalric attention to my wife. He had got into the habit of picking up baskets of fruit for her, and bouquets of flowers, and bringing nicely bound copies of poems to her, which he read aloud in the evenings. I wonder how many *bushels* of fruit, and *gardens* of flowers, and *libraries* of books *I* would have bought for her if I had been rich enough! Kitty was all in all to me. I was a poor friendless waif when I found her, and she made up to me for every thing. It jarred upon me to have this magnificent personage putting in a wedge between us, be it ever so small. I made up my mind, as soon as this business of the masquerade was over, I'd be rid of him for once and all.

The day came round at last; and when Kitty bade me good-by in the morning, she spent a minute or two arranging my neck-tie, and gave me another hasty little kiss. "You look thin, Tom," she said, in her motherly way; "now button your coat up warm; you've got a cold, I'm afraid." She was so shy and chary of her caresses that this extra kiss made me quite jubilant. I worked hard all that day at the store, and was about turning my thoughts homeward, when I saw standing before me Mr. Bullock. He looked the embodiment of his name, only a very much enraged animal of that species. His face was purple, and his full, round, fishy eyes were bloodshot, and seemed bursting from his face. He flourished before my face and flapped in my eyes a large sheet of paper, bellowing out, "You scoundrel, is this your work?"

It was well that I had made my caricature good and big, or, moved to and fro in that way, I couldn't have made it out; but I saw at once what was the matter—I had neglected to destroy that valuable cartoon, and it had fallen into his hands. I got well behind my desk, and reached down my overcoat, then I accepted the offspring of my genius. I knew it was all up with me, as far as my situation was concerned; so I took advantage of the occasion to present Mr. Bullock with the sketch, assuring him that he couldn't get a portrait or a biography truer to nature. Then I went away. I think Mr. Bullock would have given a large sum of money to have been able to accelerate my departure, but fear of a suit for damages, or possibly there was something in my eyes that restrained him. I passed out of the store unharmed, as far as I was corporeally concerned, but I felt very wretched, nevertheless. I hadn't ten dollars in the world, and I knew it would be difficult, if not impossible, to procure another situation, with the enmity of Mr. Bullock to contend with. Filled with miserable forebodings, I made my way homeward. Oh, how the thought of Kitty cheered me, and yet agonized me! How could I drag her down to absolute wretchedness and want? And yet, how divinely gracious was the certainty of her love and consolation! I reached the door, and found one of my neighbors watching me from the opposite house. I looked over, and she nodded to me and smiled.

"You're going to have a gay time to-night, I guess. Your lady went off an hour ago with Mr. Murray in a carriage. I never did hear such a laugh as she's got; it's as clear as any bell. I ain't going to tell you what she had on; I promised I wouldn't—but law! you ain't sick, are you? I hope you ain't going to spoil the fun!"

I heard the woman's words long after she had ceased to speak, and repeated them over in my mind. "Gone off in a carriage with Mr. Murray!" What did it mean? I went up the stairs into the little sitting-room. There was a cheerful fire; on the back of the stove something steamed in a pot; the neat little supper was waiting for me as usual, but where was Kitty? I sat down in a chair stupefied. "Gone off in a carriage with Mr. Murray!" Was it possible this could be true? And if so, what would be the end? I thought over every thing from the black hour when I had made such a pitiful ass of myself in bringing them together. I remembered the words of the old apple-woman, that they were a handsome couple; I remembered how proud Kitty was that he should be my friend. I thought of all his gifts, his unfailing, open admiration of her; I forgot nothing; and although I cursed him in my heart, I did not spare myself. What did a man deserve that had a pearl like this, and was base enough to set it before swine? How could he have in his possession a priceless treasure, and invite the attention of thieves to its hiding-place? Well, it was over now. All that could befall a man of wretchedness or woe had befallen me. The loss of place or hope of a subsistence was endurable, but the loss of Kitty!

God knows how long I sat there in a stupor of despair. Then it was remorse that made her so loving in the morning. I started up and looked about me. Remorse that made her brighten the fire before she went, and arrange the supper, as if I could eat! "As if I could eat," I repeated aloud; and taking the table-cloth in my hand, I sent the dishes flying to the floor—when out fell a little note—a note addressed in Kitty's scrawl to "Tom."

"Now, God help me!" I cried, taking it in my shaking fingers, "here is the note that explains all—the reason a woman gives for murdering the soul of her husband. Oh, Kitty, Kitty," I groaned aloud, "I can't read your note—I won't!"

I twisted and twirled the note in my fingers as if it were a hot coal. When I think of the agony I suffered, I feel sorry for that poor weak-minded Tom! I think it was a thirst for revenge that made me at last pull it open and read the following:

"MY DEAR TOM,—Be sure and fix the fire so that it will keep in all night; and you'd better blow the light out, but put some matches close by. Don't forget to wear the things you will find airing back of the stove. I'm afraid that clown's dress is very thin, and you know you've got a bad cold. Remember the gray woolen stockings that come up over your knees—not the socks. Don't forget your latch-key, *and put the cat out.* Your loving wife, KITTY."

"Your loving wife, Kitty," I repeated, and sat down like a woman and cried for relief and joy. Dear, darling, practical Kitty! Not a word of love in it till you got to the end, but it was Kitty all over—my precious, motherly Kitty! After that I was ashamed to doubt her for a second. The thing was as clear as possible—MacMurray had come there with some plausible story, and Kitty had gone off with him to the ball after arranging every thing for the comfort of "Tom."

From that moment I stopped worrying about the store, about MacMurray, about every thing. If Kitty was true to me, I could do any thing. I could break stones, or sell rags, if only Kitty was true to me! Then I followed implicitly every one of her directions, and went to the ball.

How I hunted for her, and how I found her, matters little. She was near the conservatory, seated upon a sloping ottoman made to represent a mossy bank. She was dressed as Undine, and very lovely she looked. I recognized (and that was one thing that led to her detection) a green silk illusion, that she had worn the summer after our marriage. It was covered with a diaphanous drapery that floated about her like a cloud. Some long green stems and leaves (that also seemed familiar to me as the trimming of straw hats long since discarded) hung about her; her yellow hair streamed over her shoulders; and altogether she had contrived as pretty a costume for Undine as that lovely aquatic maiden could desire.

Beside her reclined a gentleman the sight of whom made my blood tingle in my veins. He had chosen the character of Don Cesar de Bazan. No one could deny that he became it wonderfully. He was neither knock-kneed nor hunchbacked, but exceedingly graceful, and handsome to a fault. He sat there and whispered soft nothings in the ear of Undine, to which a certain Touchstone was constrained for a while to listen, being wedged in between the back of the sloping ottoman and a screen hung with something to represent trailing vines.

"I wish to Heaven," said Don Cesar, "that we were in truth surrounded by leaves and mossy

vines, and the only voices near us were those of birds; these bipeds about us are a terrible drawback."

"We'd need different clothes," said Undine; "and Tom couldn't expose himself to the open air in that dress he's got. I never saw such sleazy stuff in my life! I wonder why he don't come! I'm choking to death with this mask. Don't you hate a mask, Mr. MacMurray?"

"I hate any thing that hides from me your beautiful face; I—"

There's no knowing what would have been the end of this sentence; it was ruthlessly destroyed by Touchstone, who must have leaned too heavily upon the screen. He fell forward upon Don Cesar, throwing him upon his face, and tumbling over upon him the ottoman covered with representative moss. He took care to catch Undine in his arms meanwhile, and give her a marital squeeze. Before they could quite extricate Don Cesar from the débris, Touchstone had drawn his wife to the door. The last glimpse they had of Don Cesar, they saw that his velvet mantle was covered with stains and dirt, his face was bleeding, and something seemed to be the matter with one of his beautiful legs.

"I'm afraid he's hurt, Tom," whispered Kitty; "what are you going away without him for?"

"Come along, dear," I replied; "he'll follow us; it's an understanding between us."

Then I borrowed a shawl from the hostess, and we went home together. I didn't bother Kitty about my jealousy and madness. I couldn't somehow bring myself to let her know that such things could exist for her and me. I didn't speak of MacMurray at all, but told her about the trouble at the store.

"Kitty dear," I said, "I'm sorry I drew the thing at all, but it was a kind of safety-valve. I'm afraid I should have knocked him over many a time, if it hadn't been for my pencil."

Kitty was silent, and her silence troubled me. I was afraid she was worried.

"Kitty," I said, "don't fret, dear, I'll get something to do."

"Tom," she said, "suppose we go up in the country to father's? He's getting old, and he's often wanted us to come home, you know."

The thought was like salvation to me.

"But, Kitty, I've only got ten dollars in the world."

"I've got sixty-three dollars and a quarter in the little cracked china tea-pot," said Kitty. "You don't think I'm a goose, do you, Tom, not to look out for a rainy day?"

"I think you're an angel, Kitty!" Then, as we were nearing home, I bethought me of the savage moment in which I pulled off the table-cloth and the dishes. "Kitty," I said, "I forgot to put the cat out!"

"Just like you!" said Kitty; so that pussy, like many another injured creature, was wrongly blamed.

The next week we arose and went to our father, and the fatted calf was killed, and we live there happily to this day. But as I know that MacMurray is still roaming about like a splendid lion seeking whom he may devour, and as I also know that there are a great many foolish fellows like Tom, and mighty few wise little women like Kitty, I think it best to tell what I know about that masquerade.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Flowers exert a wonderfully softening, refining, and elevating influence upon the character. There are few who are not susceptible to it, in favorable circumstances. The model farmer of olden times, who begrudged his wife or daughter a bit of land to beautify, who denounced all blossoms which resulted in no marketable fruit as useless, and plowed up the bright pinks and marigolds with ruthless hand, has passed away, we trust, or at most but a few of the species remain. It is becoming more and more the pleasant fashion, not only in towns and villages, but in secluded rural homes where the plain farmer's family toil hard, for the children to have little plots of ground where they may raise flowers to charm the eye. If parents only realized the educating power of plants, and how keenly most children enjoy watching the growth and development of vegetable life, they would foster the desire they so often express "to have a garden of their own." Now, in the early spring-time, let at least a few seeds and roots be obtained; let a bit of the yard, or, if this is not possible, some flower-pots, be devoted to the amusement and instruction of the little folks. It will not merely keep them out of mischief to have some pleasant occupation in the open air, it will be health-giving and mind and heart improving. Don't forget the flower seeds!

One of the largest mercantile firms in Chicago has recently sunk an Artesian well near its place of business. A magnificent block of buildings is thus placed beyond the possibility of danger from failure of the water supply. The well has a bore of five inches and a depth of twelve hundred feet. A thousand gallons of water can be obtained in one minute, which is more than present necessities require. The supply will be regulated by valves.

The question is being considered by the French Academy of Fine Arts whether women are eligible to the membership of that body.

The defense against the so-called "Sir Roger Tichborne" has cost the Tichborne estate £120,000, and there is no redress for the family beyond the poor satisfaction of punishing a low adventurer for perjury and false pretenses.

They contrive to have some ludicrous incidents in the French Assembly. For example: Girardin, the President *pro tem.*, having adjourned the meeting in despair on one occasion, called for his hat. One was put into his hand, and he held it up for an instant as a terrible warning, a last appeal, then dashed it upon his venerable head. It came down plump to his shoulders, hiding his face completely. There was a momentary hush, during which the President was trying to relieve himself, and then the whole Assembly burst out in hilarious laughter. It is the custom, when an orator enters the tribune to speak, for a servant to place a glass of fresh water upon the stand. M. Cherpin entered the tribune to descant upon the law against the International, then under discussion. "Suppose one unjustly accused of being a member of this society," he said, striking the desk before him; "suppose that I was accused, what would happen?" With those words, which M. Cherpin intended to emphasize by striking himself upon the chest, he swung his hand against the glass of water and the pitcher, upsetting them upon the heads of the stenographers, and turning the water all over their notes. The point of the orator's appeal was, of course, drowned in a loud responsive guffaw.

The word "ultramontane" was originally applied to the papal government, Italy being "beyond the mountains" in respect to the rest of the Continent. Now all who hold a belief in the unbounded supremacy of the Pope and the union of church with state are called Ultramontanes.

An important bill, instigated by some humane regard to helpless animals, has recently passed the House of Representatives. It provides that it shall be unlawful for any one transporting cattle by cars or boats to allow them to be kept on the cars or boats for a period longer than twenty-eight consecutive hours without unloading the same for rest, water, and feeding for a period of at least five consecutive hours. In the absence of owners or agents, the railroad companies or masters of vessels are required to give food, water, and rest to the cattle, and collect the cost of the same from the owners.

Professor Chandler is of the opinion that every day's delay in enacting laws to suppress the traffic in the dangerous fluids used throughout the country for illuminating purposes consigns from three to six human beings in the United States alone to a fearful death.

It has been said that Mrs. Lincoln urged her husband to go to the theatre on the evening when he received that fatal shot. In a recent letter written by a Mr. Miner, an old neighbor and friend of President Lincoln, he states that this was not true. On the contrary, she tried to persuade him not to go; but he desired to go, not because of any interest in the play, but because he was care-worn and weary with seeing the multitudes who had visited him, and said he "must have a little rest." The letter referred to concludes as follows:

"Mrs. Lincoln informed me that he seemed to take no notice of what was going on in the theatre from the time he entered till the discharge of the fatal pistol. He was overjoyed at the thought that the war was over, and that there would be no further destruction of life. She said the last day he lived was the happiest of his life. The very last moments of his conscious life were spent in conversation with his wife about his future plans, and what he wanted to do when his term of office had expired. He said he wanted to visit the Holy Land, and see those places hallowed by the foot-prints of the Saviour. He said there was no city he so much desired to see as Jerusalem: and with that word half spoken on his tongue the bullet from the pistol of the assassin entered his brain, and the soul of the great and good President was carried by the angels to the New Jerusalem above."

The Paris Conservatoire is now negotiating for two string quartettes composed by Auber just before his death. They are said to be quite distinct in form from any former works of that class, and to be full of charm. They are in possession of his nieces.

Boston no longer fears a water famine. An additional supply is to be furnished from Sudbury River at its point of natural connection with Farm Pond in Farmingham. Lake Cochituate is thirteen feet below the level of Farm Pond, which is a sheet of 190 acres, and the waters of the latter are to be temporarily conducted to the lower level by means of a ditch to Beaver Dam Brook—a distance of about 100 yards—thence through the brook to the lake. The work is already commenced, and will be speedily completed.

The citizens of Washington are congratulating themselves on the prospect of soon having an abundant supply of water. When the new main and all its connections are made—which will be in the course of two or three weeks—about 30,000,000 gallons of water will be brought into the district daily.

The postponement of the proposed carnival at Washington until the spring of 1873 is highly satisfactory to those residing in the city who cared little about the affair. But it is disappointing to those who had set their hearts upon it.

The following is said to be a programme of the every-day life of Thiers: He rises at half past 5 A.M., takes a bowl of broth with a crust of bread, and then he works until 8 o'clock; at that time he lies down until half past 9 o'clock; then a breakfast of two eggs and a cutlet. From 10 to 12 he receives. At half past 12 to 1 o'clock he takes dinner in the old-fashioned way; the food is of the simplest kind. After dinner he takes to his coupé, and visits or business fill up his time until 6 P.M. While driving he dozes; at 6 he lies down till 8. He retires at midnight. His grand dinners are never given till half past 8 P.M.

In Pueblo, New Mexico, a genuine soap mine is reported to have been lately discovered. The stone is of a dun color, about the hardness of chalk, and with water forms an excellent lather. After bathing with it the skin is left soft and smooth, and it effectually removes all stains and grease spots from clothing.

Swimming-baths are to be erected on the Thames, near Battersea. The water is to be filtered as it enters the bath, and equable temperature is to be preserved both in summer and in winter, and all improvements known in such structures are to be adopted.

An attempt was recently made to poison Prince Humbert by lowering a bouquet of flowers to the balcony on which he had been standing. The prince was engaged in the inner room at the moment, and an aid-de-camp cut off the bouquet, gallantly put a souvenir return present on the string, smelled the bouquet, and died in four hours after.

Some interesting details concerning the bravery of a Frenchwoman have been recently developed by a court-martial trial at Versailles. There were three prisoners —the chief one Boudoin by name—who, during the last days of the Commune, arrested many citizens, and stowed them away in a cellar in the Church of St. Eloi. Among these was a Madame Lécuyer, who was arrested for refusing to reveal the hiding-place of her husband, who had been declared traitor by the Commune. Threats of instant death had no effect to change her purpose: she steadfastly refused to betray her husband. One morning the prisoners were one by one made to pass before Boudoin, who asked them whether they would go out and defend a barricade or stay and be shot. Most of them accepted the first alternative, and by this means saved their lives. One, however, who had the misfortune to excite Boudoin's wrath, was shot by him on the spot. Madame Lécuyer was led into the church by Boudoin, who put a revolver to her face, and told her she had but ten minutes to live. The brave woman offered him her life if he would let the rest of the prisoners go. Seeing that she was not afraid, Boudoin took her by the hands, exclaiming, "You are the right sort of citizeness; I wish we had more like you," and, for the moment at least, gave up the idea of shooting her. In a few hours afterward the Versaillais had entered Paris, and the Commune was overthrown. The court has condemned Boudoin to death.

The late fire at Erfurt having destroyed Luther's Bible, it was at first feared that there was no other copy extant. It has been ascertained, however, that there are still five Bibles with his autograph and holograph extract preceding the title-page. One of these is in the Queen's library at Windsor, another in the Berlin library, another in the library of Munich, a fourth in the British Museum, and a fifth is owned by a private English gentleman.

It has become unnecessary to dig—in mines—for diamonds. They can be found in the handles of shaving-brushes; at least a Maine man has found one in *his* shaving-brush. It was probably thus smuggled into the country, and then forgotten by its hider. Such forgetfulness is rarer than diamonds; but shaving-brushes may become popular.

Dog, as food for man, is still patronized in Paris. The police hunt after the salesmen, but seldom find them. And here we will give a brief account of the troubles which befell a poor man—whether French or American we know not—who bought a few sausages: "I got them sausages home," says the victim, "without getting bit; and I cut them apart and left them. In the morning I visited them. Three of 'em had cuddled up together, and were sleeping sweetly. Two of 'em had crawled to my milk-pail, and were lapping the milk; and one, a black and white one, was on the back fence trying to catch an English sparrow. I drowned the whole lot."

Nearly fifty years ago a writer in the London *Times* began a leading article with the phrase, "We thundered forth the other day," etc. Hence some of the *Times's* contemporaries called the paper "The Thunderer," and the title still clings to it.

Quito, in South America, contains but three drug stores, according to the testimony of travelers. A serpent is the significant sign of the business. Physicians there have no offices, and rarely visit patients at their dwellings. When a person is too sick to call upon the doctor, it is considered a hopeless case.

Woman is the name of a new London weekly paper. It purports to be especially devoted to the educational, social, and domestic interests of the sex.

One Mrs. Newton, an Englishwoman, living within the precincts of London, recently cooked some potatoes for her dinner. That was nothing unusual; but she did think it rather strange when, on cutting open one of the potatoes, she found a small frog imbedded in the centre of it. The animal was harmless, having been thoroughly boiled.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"These ladies are like birds that are on the wing," said a humorous clerk to his employer, as a bevy of shopping damsels left the store. "Why so?" asked the proprietor. "Because it takes them a long time to settle upon their purchase" (perches), replied the clerk. The proprietor saw the point, and was so gratified at its acuteness that he at once raised the clerk's salary.

Can a man eating dates be said to consume time?

A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at night, and said, "Why, when I was of your age my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark." "Then you had a nice sort of a father, you had," said the young profligate. Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated, "I had a confounded sight better one than you have, you young rascal!"

California will appreciate the following from an Eastern exchange: "A verdant-looking Vermonter appeared at the office of a chemist with a large bundle in a yellow bandana, and opening it, exclaimed, 'There, doctor, look at that!' 'Well,' said the doctor, 'I see it.' 'What do you call that, doctor?' 'I call it iron pyrites.' 'What, isn't that gold?' 'No,' said the doctor; and putting some over the fire, it evaporated up the chimney. 'Well,' said the poor fellow, with a woe-begone look, 'there's a widder-woman up in our town has a whole hill of that, and I've been and married her!'"

Judge Chambers, of the Belmont County (Ohio) Common Pleas, is an old bachelor. At a party in St. Clairsville the other evening a young lady was standing in a draught, when the judge stepped up and remarked, "Miss ——, I will protect you from the draught with my person." She replied, "Do you promise always thus to guard and protect me?" Through his proverbial gallantry he replied, "I do." Extending her hand, she remarked, "Judge, you will recollect this is leap-year." The judge was for a moment nonplused, but finally he succeeded in saying, "You must ask my mother."

"I say, bub," said a Manchester gentleman to a small boy whom he met on the street, "can you tell me who the head officer of this city is?" "Well, you bet I can—Bill Games, the barber, is," was the reply of the saucy cub.

Harrowing to the Sole—Pegs.

A kind old father-in-law wanted to know why the Feejeeans were called cannibals, to which Barnum replied, "Because they live off other people." "Then," replied he, unhappily, "my four sons-in-law must be cannibals—they live off me!"

Which is the ugliest hood ever worn?—Falsehood.

Is it murder to drown your sorrows or to kill time?

When a man presents himself before a public audience it often happens that his body is inclined to sink while his head swims.

In a certain town in the north of England not long ago lived (and died) a worthy, well-known sculptor. A customer called one day at the works for the purpose of giving an order. Walking into the yard, he saw no one but a stolid-looking mason, who was busy chiseling a death's-head and cross bones. "Is Mr. Boeson in?" inquired our friend. "Naw," was the monosyllabic answer. "Never mind; I'll look in afterward." A second time he made his appearance, put the interrogatory, and received the same answer. A third time he called, and found the same man still busy with mallet and chisel. "Is Mr. Boeson in yet?" he again interrogated. "Naw." "Do you think he will be in soon?" The answer was conclusive: "Naw, aw dinna think he'll be in suin—Mr. Boeson's died!" and the mallet and the chisel went on as before.

Children of the Blind School—Lovers.

A Chicago journal considers the destruction of about a cart-load of "original poetry" in its office as the most gratifying feature of the fire.

At a spirit meeting the other night, a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusements were most popular in the spirit world? The reply was, "Reading of our obituary notices."

A photographer advertises: "Babies taken and finished in ten minutes;" which is rough on the babies.

A lady who was greatly annoyed by the loquacity of her servants being asked why she didn't try dumb-waiters, replied, "I have tried them, but they don't answer."

It has come out that Robespierre tried to kill himself in order that the guillotine should not get a head of him.

Brick-layers ought to prove good artillery-men because they are so accustomed to mortar practice.

Can the man who attends to the street lamps be called a light character?

A Danbury poet, named Button, has written a poem. The first line reads, "I'm sitting alone on an islet." Pretty good for Button.

"What are you doing there?" said a grocer to a fellow who was stealing his lard. "I am getting fat," was the reply.

As a wife was holding her husband's aching head in her hands one morning she asked, "Are a man and wife one?" "I suppose so," said the husband. "Then," rejoined the wife, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

What's the proper age for a parson?—The parsonage, of course.

"Whipping is the best thing to make children enlightened," said old Mrs. Bitterkins: "I never whip mine but it makes 'em smart."

In New Orleans, instead of asking for whisky at the saloons, the fancy gent mildly requests some "scorpion broth."

Somebody says that a percussion-cap is like death, because it is a debt-o'-natur' (detonator).

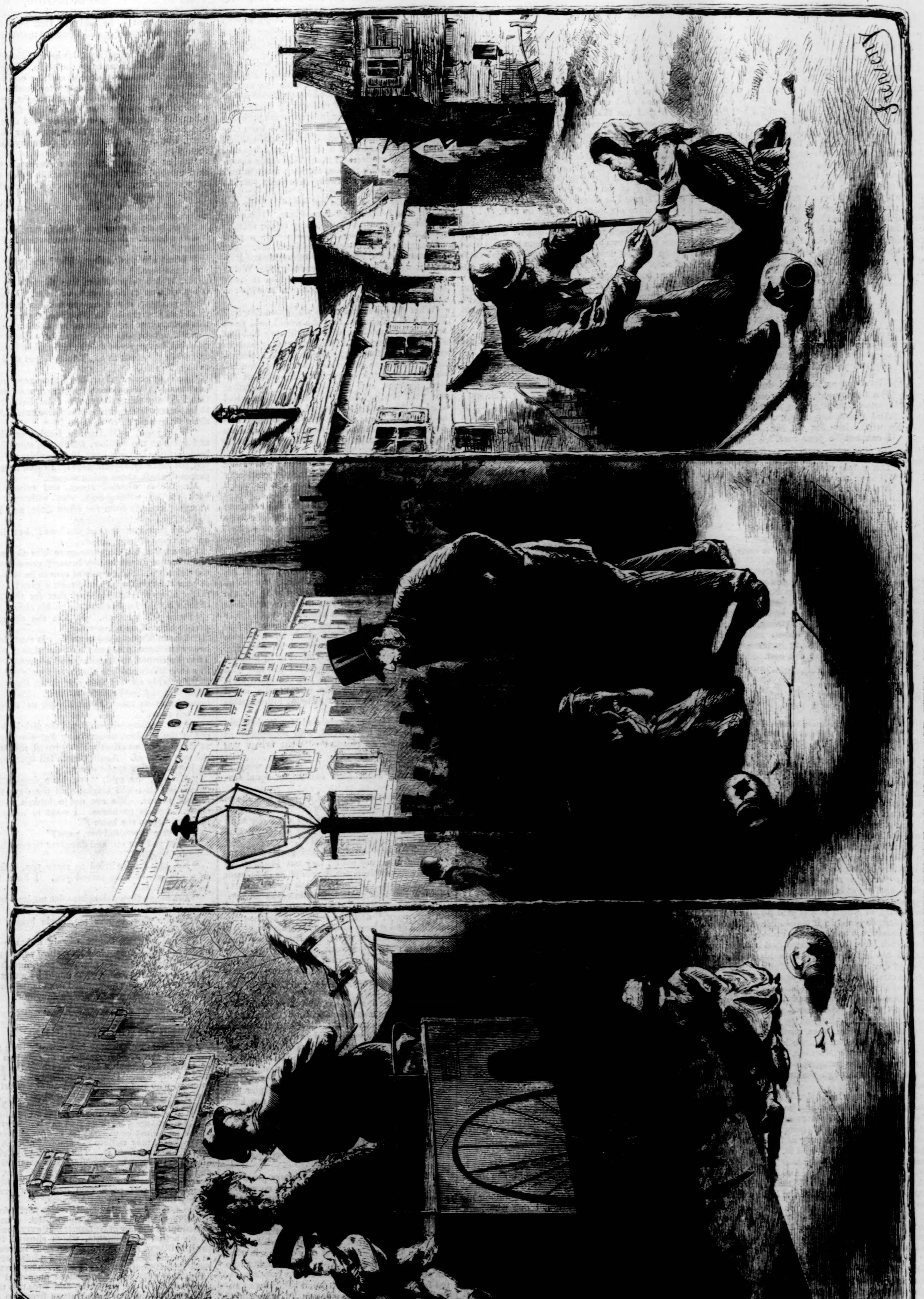
"La me!" sighed Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessin' like that of health, particularly when you're ill."

THERE'S A HEN ON.

IT IS THE IMMEDIATE JEWEL OF HER SOUL.

"Good name, in man, and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

—OTHELLO, Act III., Scene III.



A MODERN VERSION OF AN OLD, OLD STORY; OR, THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—[See Page 354.]

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The parable of the man who fell among thieves, and who was so compassionately treated by the "good Samaritan," after Pharisee and Levite had "passed by on the other side," is repeated every day in various forms of human experience. One of these is pathetically delineated in our illustration on page 353. It is a very simple story. A poor little girl, going on an errand for her mother, has let a pitcher fall and break on the pavement. A trifle in itself, the accident means a great deal to the poor little thing, who will probably get scolded and beaten at home. But the crowd pass by, unmindful of her sobs, some on pleasure intent, some on business. At last, with the broken pitcher in her hand, she slowly ventures homeward; but her courage fails at the sight of the house where she knows an angry blow awaits her, and she sits down to cry. Here the "good Samaritan," in the shape of a laboring man, takes pity on the child; and with the charity found more often among the poor than the rich, gives her from his own scanty means what will save her the dreaded punishment. It is a simple act; but did not the "two mites" cast into the treasury by the poor widow outweigh all the abundant gifts of the rich?

TELL ME HOW.

By R. H. Stoddard.

"You vow you love me, dearie?
 So many a man might vow;
But now, before I trust you,
 Suppose you tell me how?"

"I love you as the wind does
 The beauteous summer rose."
"I know: he stoops to snatch a kiss,
 And then away he goes.
No wind's love for me, Sir;
 I can not be your rose."

"I love you as the bee does
 The purple meadow clover."
"I know: he drains it of its sweets,
 And then its day is over.
No bee's love for me, Sir;
 I will not be your clover."

"I love you as a lady does
 Her wreath of orange flower."
"I know: she only wears it once,
 To grace her bridal hour.
No lady's love for me, Sir;
 I'm not your orange flower."

"I love you as a man does
 The woman he loves best."
"I know: a pretty plaything, she,
 To wear upon his breast.
Still—if there's nothing better—
 I like man's love the best.

"So, if you love me, darling
 (But do you really, now?),
Here is the kiss I promised—
 Because you told me how."

SUNSHINE IN A SHADY PLACE.

Not to speak of that interior world, the heart of Mr. Walch, which knew too much of gloom for his own good or any body's, the place in which he may be said to have lived was a shady place enough. The only bird known to sing in it was an owl; the only flower that bloomed in it was a rare trope. The shady place was, in fact, a dingy office often visited by devils, and the fount that flowed there was a fount of lead. In this cave in the air the editor had his home. Elsewhere he had his house; but here, it seemed quite probable, at no remote day he might die.

Do not suppose, however, that though the physical man was on the wane, the readers of the *Daily*, of which it was said he was the life and spirit, detected in it signs of lessening power. Indeed, his secret fear impelled him to put forth such incredible exertions that if these were indeed his last days, they were his great days. Day by day he went up to his high place to muse and mutter, warn, threaten, and predict—a very Jove at thundering. But his ascending step was that of a worn-out man; and how white his gray hair was growing, how seamed and wrinkled, too, his noble face! Ah, good people, riding daily into town from east, west, north, and south, and at all the well-known stations looking out for the newsboy's cheery "Morning," do you guess the cost at which the paragraph which runs like an electric spark through the train has been produced?

The place to which Mr. Walch had aspired through his laborious youth he deemed the most desirable of the high places of earth. He considered, through years of obscure toil, that it was as important to his country as it was to himself that he at last should hold it. Think what it must have cost him to admit at last that his power was on the wane! And it was more true than he or any suspected that the oil in his lamp was nearly spent, that the light would soon be darkness.

And how could the cup of cold water be given to a man whose affections all turned toward the grave in which his son was buried—who knew not how to ask for or how to wish for sympathy? "Poor man!" people said, and let him alone, because there was no way discoverable by which they might approach him. "Poor man!" said his wife, and she took her daughter into her confidence. "What can we do for your father?" she said; "he is failing every day."

"Can we persuade him to go abroad?" answered Augusta. Augusta was a buoyant young girl, fond of music, a member of the Harmonic Society, and modestly content to sing in choruses. "Abroad" to her meant Music, Art, and Dresden, of course.

"My dear, what are you thinking of?" exclaimed Mrs. Walch. "Oh, if our boy had lived!" and she retired, figuratively, into her sepulchre.

Miss Augusta's face reddened at this.

"I wish it had been your girl that died instead," said she.

"So do I," returned her mother, "if you are speaking in anger."

It seemed to be a kind of consultation that might as well end first as last. Every body knew that the Walches, three in number, went three separate ways—ways which were as unwilling to unite, though continued through eternity, as three parallel lines.

Mrs. Walch, seated before the fire-place in her not uncheerful little parlor, forgetful now of her daughter, fixed her eyes on the portrait of her son, a boy of ten or eleven years, and, as she gazed, seemed to forget the ten years which had passed since she looked her last on him.

Augusta, understanding well what that gazing and that silence meant, went quietly out of the room and up two flights of stairs to her own little study, and sat down there to look—on the roofs of other houses, and wonder what might be going on beneath them.

Strange if a tear or two had not fallen from her young eyes to think that she, instead of Richard, was alive. No, believe me, it was not on account of the mortification she felt because her Dresden suggestion had been received in the way it had been by her mother that she sat gloomily gazing out on the dream-inspiring but by no means enchanting prospect of roofs and chimney-pots.

One day—it was on the anniversary of his son's death—Mr. Walch heard the familiar tap-tap at his door, and the office boy walked in with his cap under his arm, and his eyes fixed on the senior editor in a way that showed how impressed he was with the importance of his errand. According to his custom Mr. Walch turned from his work to inspect the mail the lad had brought. Half wearily, and yet with a patience wonderful to see when we consider the number of times he had gone through this operation, and the tons of letters he had tossed aside disappointed, he read missive after missive. Hope that had beamed in the writer's eyes was evident in his. He was forever expecting. Had the better thing than he had ever yet received arrived at last? Opening finally an envelope and unfolding a sheet of white paper, he read, "*Mr. Editor, can you use the inclosed? If so, do.*"

The article accompanying the interrogation was, considering its character, almost as brief, and Mr. Walch admitted, when he had read the paper twice through and leaned back in his chair, that words have seldom been put to better use.

The next morning the article appeared among the *Daily's* editorials, and all the reward the unknown could have anticipated was obtained. "I shall hear from him again," said Mr. Walch, as he looked at the note which had accompanied the manuscript, and found that it contained neither address nor signature. He was not wrong in the supposition. A day or two later came a second brevity containing the soul of wit, and it was like a benediction on the tired brain that read it. It seemed, indeed, to the old editor as though his second self were unconsciously at work through some unknown medium.

This fancy was not one to come and go again. It shaped itself into conviction. Had Richard lived he would have proved precisely such a helper! Mr. Walch said this to himself without a particle of that unhappy doubt which might have arisen from the knowledge that few men are so blessed as to behold in their sons "the glory" and the beauty of their "dream."

He said it to himself so often that at last it became an easy, natural thing to ask, "Can it be that my boy is permitted to become a guiding and guarding angel to some other life? If it could happen, it must happen. Richard must find some channel of communication between himself and his father." You would not have said that Mr. Walch was a man to yield to an imagination like that. How shall any one predict with confidence the fancy to which a fond soul will surrender?

What was the bald fact? A young woman had taken up her pen with the determination that she would live by it for herself and for others. By bringing to her work no vanity she had learned the meaning and the power of words, and knew at last "to build the lofty" prose. And the lofty prose she sent to Mr. Walch, because what verdict equal to this man's approval?

At times the anticipated action of his correspondent's mind was not short of prophetic. What would the woman have given to know all Mr. Walch was thinking about her? What would the wife of the editor, keen, sharp-minded woman that she was, chiefly busied now, having so little of home life to occupy her thoughts, with benevolent enterprises—what would she have made of all this? It was evident to Mr. Walch, and it pleased him to know it, that among all his readers he had never found one who gave such evidence of having diligently read him as this writer. She had even fallen into his ruts, or, rather, his grooves of thought had proved quite wide enough for her chariot wheels, and she was content with offering this sort of homage to him, if indeed she offered it consciously expecting no more than she received.

By-and-by the new contributor exhibited herself—*himself*, according to Mr. Walch's notion—in a new phase. The editor found on his writing-desk one morning a small white pasteboard box. He opened it, and found within white and fragrant flowers. As he gazed he remembered that the day was the anniversary of Richard's death: a tear fell on the white roses and the immortelles, and then he was about to close the box when a happier impulse moved him. He went down into the street and bought a vase, filled it with water from the tank on his way up stairs, and in the silence of his office placed therein the flowers which, as from the "immortal gardens," his boy had sent to him.

Did his correspondent understand him better than he understood himself? When he had yielded to the impulse to preserve the flowers Mr. Walch had done that which no friend would have dared to predict concerning him—that which, as time passed on, made it seem probable that deft hands would cease at length from embellishing his door with short-lived illuminations, wherein the cross with a canine figure beneath it was conspicuous; and that which made sharp-eyed stockholders rejoice, for they thought and said, "He is good for twenty-five years yet; he has taken out a new lease."

The floral offerings did not cease with the one so full of sad and tender suggestions. Boxes of cut flowers often found their way to the editor's room, and the bloom was not always a pure white, ghastly reminder of spiritual life. The brightest colors were often intermixed. Perhaps it was a red rose that reminded Mr. Walch of Augusta one day, and induced him to carry home to his daughter the bouquet in which it shone conspicuously.

What did his daughter do with these flowers? For a while it seemed that she would hold them and carry them about with her till they had lost all their beauty. Mr. Walch certainly had no cause for thinking that the gift lacked appreciation. At length she placed them in a vase beneath the portrait of her brother—without design, perhaps, and probably when the father saw what she had done he wondered. He had lived so long in his own world, in his thoughts, in his work, that almost the commonest evidences given of ordinary affection had marvelous significance when once his attention was directed toward them.

One day not long after this little event of the floral offering to his daughter the old gentleman received from his correspondent a note which ran as follows:

"I am about to go abroad. Shall I continue to contribute to your columns? I might write letters from various places as occasion seemed to warrant." This note contained both initials and an address.

Mr. Walch read it twice, arose, looked for his hat, and for five minutes stood with it in his hand as if about to leave the office. Instead of going out, however, he walked finally to the window, gazed down upon the park, and then took his place at his desk again.

And while he wrote on questions of public interest his thoughts ran along by a double track, and occupied themselves with exclusive domestic relations. At last he said to himself, at the conclusion of an article, "I will talk with my wife about it;" and he left the office for a consultation, probably the last in the world which people would have believed him capable of seeking.

"You, goodman!" exclaimed Mrs. Walch, surveying him as he entered, with apparently as great surprise as pleasure—"what brings you here at this hour?"

"Yourself," he answered. And no word in the language would have excited an equal surprise.

Herself? What, in point of fact, was she to him?

"You have something to tell me," she said. "Are you going abroad? This evening? Do you want your clothes packed?"

If the outside world, whispering about incompatibility none too softly, had but heard these words! They were not, however, as indifferent as their sound. Did Mr. Walch perceive that? She had to speak again before he answered her.

"Take your time," she said. "As you see, I am very busy;" and she pointed to her sewing-machine and a heap of society work.

She spoke almost gayly, but they both sighed as she turned to her work. All at once, without arguing the point with himself, Mr. Walch said, "I must tell her." And he gave his wife a fragment of biography which ought to have surprised her. Did it? She said promptly enough, when he ceased speaking, and in a way that showed he had not failed to interest her in his story: "I have no doubt, though, that your *he* is a woman. No *man* would exhibit such devotion to your interests. You must not let her leave the country—that is clear. Tell her if either of you is to go, you are oldest, and have served your country longer. Let her stay and do your work—as far as she can. If you had only told me before! But it is not too late. You have never taken a holiday—what right has she to think of it?"

"I nipped in the bud your purpose to go pleasuring when I married you twenty years ago. I don't like to interfere with—this person's plans," answered Mr. Walch.

"It is just a quarter of a century since we were married," said she, "and I have no regrets to express. But you are not to stay in your office to be ground to powder, while your help-mate goes away and leaves you to your fate."

The tone of her voice as she spoke these words penetrated to the old gray heart, and had almost the brightening effect of sunshine in that shady place. Then Augusta came singing into the room, and it was almost as if a long separated family had all at once found itself drawn together again. Oh, *why* was it impossible? Hadn't they faith enough in each other? Hadn't they sympathy enough? What was the matter?

The next morning Mr. Walch addressed a note to his correspondent, stating an hour at which he would be glad to receive him at his office, and converse with him on the subject of his recent communication. At any time between ten and twelve on the day following, he wrote, he would be happy to have an interview. When his wife asked him on his return home what he had done about it, he told her that he wasn't quite prepared to say; and there the matter rested between them.

As noon approached next day he was disturbed by seeing his daughter enter the office. For the first time Augusta came there, and she could not have come less opportunely. "Her mother has sent her," was Mr. Walch's first thought, as he recalled to mind the fact that he had foolishly taken his wife into his confidence, and that he had been acting in accordance with her judgment, like a— No, he did not quite say like a fool.

"What a place, papa!" was Augusta's first exclamation. "I thought I should never find my way up here. And I am sorry I succeeded. Is it here that you live?"

"I don't know that I can say that exactly," answered her father.

"Yes, it is; for our house is only our house—it isn't a home! But such a home as this! Poor father!"

"What are you saying, child? and why did you come here?"

Mr. Walch turned from one thought to another with an evident sense of relief. Wholly displeased now, it was easy to ask his daughter what had brought her to his office, especially at this hour, when he was expecting another guest.

As Augusta did not instantly answer his question, he suspected that he had spoken hastily, and when the clock in old Trinity began striking twelve, he said,

"Excuse me, my dear, but I am exceedingly busy to-day. Was there something you wanted? Can I do any thing for you? I am liable now to important interruptions every moment. And there's a great deal to be done."

"Why, papa," said Augusta, leaving her chair and going to the window, where she stood half behind him, looking over his shoulder; "did you not make an appointment? I came here on purpose to talk about going abroad."

Mr. Walch wheeled about, and turned his back on his writing-desk, and withdrew his thoughts entirely from the office door, and lost sight of possible interruptions.

"Did your mother send you here?" he asked, on the verge of indignation.

For answer his daughter gave him the note of invitation dispatched by himself yesterday to the unknown. Such a pair of eyes as he brought to bear then on the girl, and such a gaze! One might almost have suspected that for the first time in his life he was looking on his child.

Silence fell on both. At last the old man said to himself, in a low voice,

"I have not deceived myself. It must have been even more true than I have dared to think." Then he turned to Augusta, and addressed her in a tone so cheerful as almost to startle her.

"Probably all has been said about European cities that the public cares to hear. People at home know as much about abroad as tourists can tell them."

"I am so disappointed!" said the girl, looking out of the window, maintaining her composure at the cost of an effort which proved the stuff she was made of. Again silence fell upon both. At last the father spoke again.

"My girl," he said, "you have deepened a conviction that will brighten all the days that remain to me. We are not a broken family circle. Let us go home. I want to tell your mother. Does she know?"

"What will you tell her, papa?"

"That you are son and daughter to me—both—both, Augusta."

"No, but I have tried to serve you, father, as a son would have served you. I have felt your great loss."

"Let us go, then: daughter, let me lean upon your arm."

Sunshine now, believe me, made bright the shady place.

No. 150 was no longer merely a house—it was a home. Augusta had long since withdrawn her eyes from roofs and chimney-pots, and from speculations concerning what might be going on beneath them. She now ceased from lamentation that she was merely her father's daughter.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An animated discussion has recently been going on in the French Academy of Sciences respecting the probable temperature of the surface of the sun. It was commenced by Père Secchi, who has experimented on the effect of the solar rays in heating a thermometer. Assuming that the radiation of heat from all bodies is proportional to their temperature above the absolute zero, he finds that the temperature of the sun must be at least *ten million degrees* in order that it may radiate the amount of heat we actually receive from it. The French physicists all take strong ground against this conclusion, and cite the researches of Pouillet, who, by nearly the same method, found that the required temperature was only 1500 degrees, approximately that of the hottest furnaces.

The difference of the results arises partly from the different laws of radiation adopted. Pouillet adopted the law of Dulong and Petit, founded on actual experiments, which showed that the quantity of heat radiated by a body increases in a geometrical ratio, while its temperature rises in arithmetical progression. The French argue that this law, being based on actual experiment, is to be preferred, and Vicaire uses it to derive the solar temperature from the experiments of Secchi, and finds the result to be only 1398 degrees, less than a thousandth part that of Secchi. M. Vicaire's communication was followed by remarks from four members of the Academy, who all coincided with his views. M. Fizeau called attention to his own experiments, which showed that the light of the

sun was only twice or three times as bright as the electric light, as proving that the solar temperature could not be many times higher than that which we are able to produce artificially, and which does not exceed three thousand degrees centigrade.

The German fish-culturists resident upon the upper waters of the Rhine have lately been greatly aggrieved by the action of the Dutch in catching the salmon bred by them while in the lower waters of that river, and on their way from the ocean to their spawning beds. This has been the subject of a memorial on the part of the German Fisherei-Verein to the society for promoting fresh-water fisheries in Holland; and a rejoinder on the part of the latter body has lately made its appearance. In this it is remarked that the matter in question can not be judged except after due examination on the spot, and that no importance should be attached to the impressions of the gentlemen of the Fisherei-Verein, as they have not themselves examined the method of fishing in Holland, and the difficulties that this interest has to struggle with. It is also maintained by the Dutch society that a residence on the border gives the right to the inhabitants to appropriate such a gift of nature; and the fact that parties living on the higher waters might secure a larger supply if those lower down did not exercise their rights has nothing whatever to do with the question. They furthermore state that the Dutch authorities are not, indeed, averse to a restriction, and are willing to meet the Verein on reasonable grounds, especially because they contend that, should the concession be mutual, a restriction of the fisheries in the upper waters would tend to increase the stock of fish toward the mouth of the river.

While admitting, however, that the hatching of salmon in the upper Rhine will increase the stock of fish in the river generally, they maintain that it is not certain that all the salmon passing up the Rhine have been born in its upper waters, and that quite possibly they may come from Norway, England, or Scotland; and the fact that millions of salmon eggs have been taken from the Rhine for the establishment at Hüningen, and that millions of young salmon have been sold at Strasburg, is to be considered as evidence that if the hypothesis of the Germans be true, they themselves have contributed more largely to the decrease of this fish than the Dutch.

The general reasoning in this document can but be considered by dispassionate fish-culturists as very specious, and an impartial jury would probably decide against the Dutch side of the question. There can be no doubt but that the propagation of salmon in the upper waters must have had a very important bearing upon the supply, and that but for this, with the amount of fishing in that river, they would have been reduced to very small numbers. Few specialists will admit the suggestion of the Dutch society that the river is in any degree stocked from England or Norway, or other than from fish that had been born in the upper beds.

This difficulty, it will be observed, is very similar to that which has arisen on the Connecticut River in regard to stocking the stream with shad and salmon, the efforts of Massachusetts having been in a measure rendered nugatory by the absence of protection in Connecticut. It is hoped, however, that under the new laws of this latter State, which went into operation on the 1st of January last, Vermont and Massachusetts will be encouraged to take the steps necessary to place in that river the proper supply of young fish of different species, and that the entire length of the Connecticut may have a proper share of the harvest.

Another book of excellent typographical execution has just appeared from the public printing-office, in the form of the astronomical and meteorological observations made at the United States Naval Observatory during the year 1869, under the direction of the superintendent, Admiral B. F. Sands. This volume, forming a stately quarto of over nine hundred pages, is prefaced by a detailed account of the transit circle, the meridian transit instrument, the mural circle, and the equatorial of the observatory, and followed by a statement of observations made with these instruments.

The volume also contains the meteorological observations for 1869, the positions of the sun, moon, and planets during that year, as made with different instruments, etc. The report of the total eclipse of December 22, 1870, which has already appeared as a separate memoir, is included in this volume, as also an appendix embracing the zones of stars observed with the mural circle in the years 1846, 1847, 1848, and 1849.

The observatory is now in excellent condition, and includes in its working force some of the best astronomers and mathematicians of the country; among them Professors Newcomb, Hall, Harkness, Eastman, etc. The completion of the gigantic telescope now in process of construction by Alvan Clark will constitute an important addition to the means of research, and be doubtless turned to good advantage.

The complaint that fish which should be used as food are wasted by being converted into manure for worn-out lands is made in England as well as the United States, attention being called in *Land and Water* to the fact that, in the late herring season, the catch was so great that the country for miles and miles in extent was supplied with fish sold for manure at the rate of twelve to fifteen cents a bushel.

According to Dr. Hessel, of Baden, the medicinal leeches shipped to the United States from Bremen, Hamburg, and Havre under the name of Swedish leeches have nothing whatever to do with that country, none occurring within its borders. They are obtained in Hungary, Wallachia, Turkey, and Southern Russia. Dr. Hessel, himself a highly esteemed and very successful fish-culturist, has been lately occupied in raising leeches for the market; and by making his selections with great care he has in stock a very superior quality that is highly prized. He succeeded in raising 400,000 in a period of two and a half years, and was only deterred from continuing the business on account of the very low price that they brought at wholesale—namely, fifty cents per hundred. He thinks that the physical conditions in the United States are especially favorable to the growth and culture of the medicinal leech, and that any one entering upon the business could readily command the market here, independently of foreign importations.

In the extended list of expeditions for deep-sea exploration carried on during the summer of 1871 not the least interesting was that of the yacht *Norna*, owned by Mr. Marshall Hall, and placed by him at the service of men of science for the purpose of employment in their investigations. This enterprise on the part of Mr. Hall is, we learn, to be repeated by him during the coming summer; and he is said to be preparing an expedition to Morocco and Madeira, accompanied by a young naturalist of Dublin, Mr. Abraham, who has already obtained a considerable reputation as a zoologist. He proposes to prosecute inquiries into the natural history of the regions visited, and to inquire into the chemical and physical questions relating to the deep sea and its currents. *Nature*, in reporting these facts, adds that the great government expedition, to which we have referred as likely to visit foreign seas for the purpose of investigation, is in a favorable state of progress, and that Professor Wyville Thompson, with a corps of assistants, will probably sail in the autumn, so as to spend the antarctic summer season in the waters adjacent to Cape Horn.

Among the prizes offered by the Belgium Academy of Sciences for the year 1873–74 we find mentioned one for a dissertation on the reproduction of eels. It may seem somewhat singular in this era of scientific research that we are not yet acquainted with the true method in which the spawning and reproduction of the eel is accomplished. The present hypothesis is that the young are hatched in salt-water, and make their way up the rivers as far as they can go for the purpose of spending their period of immaturity, returning, after the expiration of a year or more, to the salt-water to lay their eggs, and never again quitting the sea. This movement is the reverse of that which occurs in the case of the salmon and shad, these ascending to the fresh-water to deposit their spawn, and then going down to the sea. The assertion is not unfrequently made that eels are viviparous, and that the young can be seen at times in the oviducts of the parent. This is a misapprehension, due to the fact that this species is frequently very much infested with intestinal worms like *ascarides*, which occur in great number, and appear on dissection like embryonic fish. We can only hope that the prize offered by the Belgian Academy may be successful in securing a memoir that shall solve what may now truly be called the "opprobrium" of modern naturalists.

A new canal has been projected for connecting the Rhine and the Weser. It is to be about eight and a half feet deep, forty-four feet wide, and over one hundred miles in length. The cost is estimated at about $7,500,000.

The vacancy at the British Geological Survey office, caused by the death of Sir Roderick I. Murchison, has been filled up by the appointment of Professor Andrew Crombie Ramsay, LL.D., F.R.S., as director-general. Professor Ramsay has for many years been director of the Geological Survey and Professor of Geology in the Royal School of Mines.

Herr Seybold, a German resident of Santiago, Chili, made during the past year an exploration of the Cordilleras of that country for the purpose of ascertaining their altitudes. Among his other adventures he experienced a snow-storm, with heavy thunder and lightning, at an altitude of 14,300 feet. Besides the discovery of a number of new species of animals, an interesting result of his expedition was the finding, at an elevation of from ten to twelve thousand feet above the sea, traces of early inhabitants, in the form of stone implements and stone walls, the former of which had certainly not been used by the natives since the period of the Spanish discovery.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By Charles Lever.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.—(*Continued.*)

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT.

"You're off, are you?" asked Nina, as Kate was about to leave.

"Yes; I'm going to read to him."

"To read to *him!*" said Nina, laughing. "How nice it sounds, when one sums up all existence in a pronoun! Good-night, dearest—good-night," and she kissed her twice. And then, as Kate reached the door, she ran toward her, and said, "Kiss me again, my dearest Kate!"

"I declare you have left a tear upon my cheek," said Kate.

"It was about all I could give you as a wedding present," muttered Nina, as she turned away.

"Are you come to study whist, Nina?" said Lord Kilgobbin, as she drew nigh the table.

"No, my lord. I have no talent for games, but I like to look at the players."

Joe touched Dick with his foot, and shot a cunning glance toward him, as though to say, "Was I not correct in all I said?"

"Couldn't you sing us something, my dear? we're not such infatuated gamblers that we'll not like to hear you—eh, Atlee?"

"Well, my lord, I don't know, I'm not sure—that is, I don't see how a memory for trumps is to be maintained through the fascinating charm of mademoiselle's voice. And as for cards, it's enough for Miss Kostalergi to be in the room to make one forget not only the cards, but the Fenians."

"If it was only out of loyalty, then, I should leave you!" said she, and walked proudly away.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

NEXT MORNING.

The whist-party did not break up till nigh morning. The sergeant had once appeared at the drawing-room to announce that all was quiet without. There had been no sign of any rising of the people, nor any disposition to molest the police. Indeed, so peaceful did every thing look, and such an air of easy indifference pervaded the country, the police were half disposed to believe that the report of Donogan being in the neighborhood was unfounded, and not impossibly circulated to draw off attention from some other part of the country.

This was also Lord Kilgobbin's belief. "The man has no friends, or even warm followers, down here. It was the merest accident first led him to this part of the country, where, besides, we are all too poor to be rebels. It's only down in Meath, where the people are well off, and rents are not too high, that people can afford to be Fenians."

While he was enunciating this fact to Curtis, they were walking up and down the breakfast-room, waiting for the appearance of the ladies to make tea.

"I declare it's nigh eleven o'clock," said Curtis, "and I meant to have been over two baronies before this hour."

"Don't distress yourself, captain. The man was never within fifty miles of where we are. And why would he? It is not the Bog of Allen is the place for a revolution."

"It's always the way with the people at the Castle," grumbled out Curtis. "They know more of what's going on down the country than we that live there! It's one dispatch after another. Head-Centre Such-a-one is at the 'Three Cripples.' He slept there two nights; he swore in fifteen men last Saturday, and they'll tell you where he bought a pair of corduroy breeches, and what he ate for his breakfast—"

"I wish we had ours," broke in Kilgobbin. "Where's Kate all this time?"

"Papa, papa, I want you for a moment; come here to me quickly," cried Kate, whose head appeared for a moment at the door. "Here's very terrible tidings, papa dearest," said she, as she drew him along toward his study. "Nina is gone! Nina has run away!"

"Run away for what?"

"Run away to be married; and she is married. Read this, or I'll read it for you. A country boy has just brought it from Maryborough."

Like a man stunned almost to insensibility, Kearney crossed his hands before him, and sat gazing out vacantly before him.

"Can you listen to me? can you attend to me, dear papa?"

"Go on," said he, in a faint voice.

"It is written in a great hurry, and very hard to read. It runs thus: 'Dearest—I have no time for explainings nor excuses, if I were disposed to make either, and I will confine myself to a few facts. I was married this morning to Donogan—the rebel: I know you have added the word, and I write it to show how our sentiments are united. As people are prone to put into the lottery the numbers they have dreamed of, I have taken my ticket in this greatest of all lotteries on the same wise grounds. I have been dreaming adventures ever since I was a little child, and it is but natural that I marry an adventurer.'"

A deep groan from the old man made her stop; but as she saw that he was not changed in color or feature, she went on:

"'He says he loves me very dearly, and that he will treat me well. I like to believe both, and I do believe them. He says we shall be very poor for the present, but that he means to become something or somebody later on. I do not much care for the poverty, if there is hope; and he is a man to hope with and to hope from.

"'You are, in a measure, the cause of all, since it was to tell me he would send away all the witnesses against your husband that is to be, that I agreed to meet him, and to give me the lease which Miss O'Shea was so rash as to place in Gill's hands. This I now send you.'"

"And this she has sent you, Kate?" asked Kilgobbin.

"Yes, papa, it is here, and the master of the *Swallow's* receipt for Gill as a passenger to Quebec."

"Read on."

"There is little more, papa, except what I am to say to you—to forgive her."

"I can't forgive her. It was deceit—cruel deceit."

"It was not, papa. I could swear there was no forethought. If there had been she would have told me. She told me every thing. She never loved Walpole; she could not love him. She was marrying him with a broken heart. It was not that she loved another, but she knew she could have loved another."

"Don't talk such muddle to *me*," said he, angrily. "You fancy life is to be all courting, but it isn't. Its house-rent, and butchers' bills and apothecaries', and the pipe-water—its shoes, and schooling, and arrears of rent, and rheumatism, and flannel waistcoats, and toothache have a considerable space in Paradise!" And there was a grim comicality in his utterance of the word.

"She said no more than the truth of herself," broke in Kate. "With all her queenly ways, she could face poverty bravely—I know it."

"So you can—any of you, if a man's making love to you. You care little enough what you eat, and not much more what you wear, if he tells you it becomes you; but that's not the poverty that grinds and crushes. It's what comes home in sickness; it's what meets you in insolent letters, in threats of this or menaces of that. But what do you know about it, or why do I speak of it? She's married a man that could be hanged if the law caught him, and for no other reason, that I see, than because he's a felon."

"I don't think you are fair to her, papa."

"Of course I'm not. Is it likely that at sixty I can be as great a fool as I was at sixteen?"

"So that means that you once thought in the same way that she does?"

"I didn't say any such thing, miss," said he, angrily. "Did you tell Miss Betty what's happened us?"

"I just broke it to her, papa, and she made me run away and read the note to you. Perhaps you'll come and speak to her?"

"I will," said he, rising, and preparing to leave the room. "I'd rather hear I was a bankrupt this morning than that news!" and he mounted the stairs, sighing heavily as he went.

"Isn't this fine news the morning has brought us, Miss Betty!" cried he, as he entered the room with a haggard look and hands clasped before him. "Did you ever dream there was such disgrace in store for us?"

"This marriage you mean," said the old lady, dryly.

"Of course I do—if you call it a marriage at all."

"I do call it a marriage—here's Father Tierney's certificate, a copy made in his own handwriting. 'Daniel Donogan, M.P., of Killamoyle, and Innismul, County Kilkenny, to Virginia Kostalergi, of no place in particular, daughter of Prince Kostalergi, of the same localities, contracted in holy matrimony this morning at six o'clock, and witnessed likewise by Morris M'Cabe, vestry clerk—Mary Kestinogue, her mark.' Do you want more than that?"

"Do I want more? Do I want a respectable wedding? Do I want a decent man—a gentleman—a man fit to maintain her? Is this the way she ought to have behaved? Is this what we thought of her?"

"It is not, Maurice Kearney—you say truth. I never believed so well of her till now. I never believed before that she had any thing in her head but to catch one of those English puppies, with their soft voices and their sneers about Ireland. I never saw her that she wasn't trying to flatter them and to please them, and to sing them down, as she called it herself—the very name fit for it! And that she had the high heart to take a man not only poor, but with a rope round his neck, shows me how I wronged her. I could give her five thousand this morning to make her a dowry, and to prove how I honor her."

"Can any one tell who he is? What do we know of him?"

"All Ireland knows of him; and, after all, Maurice Kearney, she has only done what her mother did before her."

"Poor Matty!" said Kearney, as he drew his hand across his eyes.

"Ay, ay! Poor Matty, if you like; but Matty was a beauty run to seed, and, like the rest of them, she married the first good-looking vagabond she saw. Now, this girl was in the very height and bloom of her beauty, and she took a fellow for other qualities than his whiskers or his legs. They tell me he isn't even well-looking—so that I have hopes of her."

"Well, well," said Kearney, "he has done you a good turn, anyhow—he has got Peter Gill out of the country."

"And it's the one thing that I can't forgive him, Maurice—just the one thing that's fretting me now. I was living in hopes to see that scoundrel Peter on the table, and Counselor Holmes bating him in a cross-examination. I wanted to see how the lawyer wouldn't leave him a rag of character or a strip of truth to cover himself with. How he'd tear off his evasions, and confront him with his own lies, till he wouldn't know what he was saying or where he was sitting! I wanted to hear the description he would give of him to the jury; and I'd go home to my dinner after that, and not wait for the verdict."

"All the same, I'm glad we're rid of Peter."

"Of course you are. You're a man, and well pleased when your enemy runs away; but, if you were a woman, Maurice Kearney, you'd rather he'd stand out boldly and meet you, and fight his battle to the end. But they haven't done with me yet. I'll put that little blackguard attorney, that said my letter was a lease, into Chancery; and it will go hard with me if I don't have him struck off the rolls. There's a small legacy of five hundred pounds left me the other day, and, with the blessing of Providence, the Common Pleas shall have it. Don't shake your head, Maurice Kearney. I'm not robbing any one. Your daughter will have enough and to spare—"

"Oh, godmother!" cried Kate, imploringly.

"It wasn't I, my darling, that said the five hundred would be better spent on wedding-clothes or house-linen. That delicate and refined suggestion was your father's. It was his lordship made the remark."

It was a fortunate accident at that conjuncture that a servant should announce the arrival of Mr. Flood, the Tory J.P., who, hearing of Donogan's escape, had driven over to confer with his brother magistrate. Lord Kilgobbin was not sorry to quit the field, where he'd certainly earned few laurels, and hastened down to meet his colleague.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE END.

While the two justices and Curtis discussed the unhappy condition of Ireland, and deplored the fact that the law-breaker never appealed in vain to the sympathies of a people whose instincts were adverse to discipline, Flood's estimate of Donogan went very far to reconcile Kilgobbin to Nina's marriage.

"Out of Ireland, you'll see that man has stuff in him to rise to eminence and station. All the qualities of which home manufacture would only make a rebel, will combine to form a man of infinite resource and energy in America. Have you never imagined, Mr. Kearney, that, if a man were to employ the muscular energy to make his way through a drawing-room that he would use

to force his passage through a mob, the effort would be misplaced, and the man himself a nuisance? Our old institutions, with all their faults, have certain ordinary characteristics that answer to good-breeding and good-manners—reverence for authority, respect for the gradations of rank, dislike to civil convulsion, and such-like. We do not sit tamely by when all these are threatened with overthrow; but there are countries where there are fewer of these traditions, and men like Donogan find their place there."

While they debated such points as these within-doors, Dick Kearney and Atlee sat on the steps of the hall door and smoked their cigars.

"I must say, Joe," said Dick, "that your accustomed acuteness cuts but a very poor figure in the present case. It was no later than last night you told me that Nina was madly in love with you. Do you remember, as we went up stairs to bed, what you said on the landing? 'That girl

NINA'S FLIGHT.

is my own. I may marry her to-morrow or this day three months.'"

"And I was right."

"So right were you that she is at this moment the wife of another!"

"And can not you see why?"

"I suppose I can: she preferred him to you, and I scarcely blame her."

"No such thing; there was no thought of preference in the matter. If you were not one of those fellows who mistake an illustration, and see every thing in a figure but the parallel, I should say that I had trained too finely. Now, had she been thorough-bred, I was all right: as a cock-tail, I was all wrong!"

"I own I can not follow you."

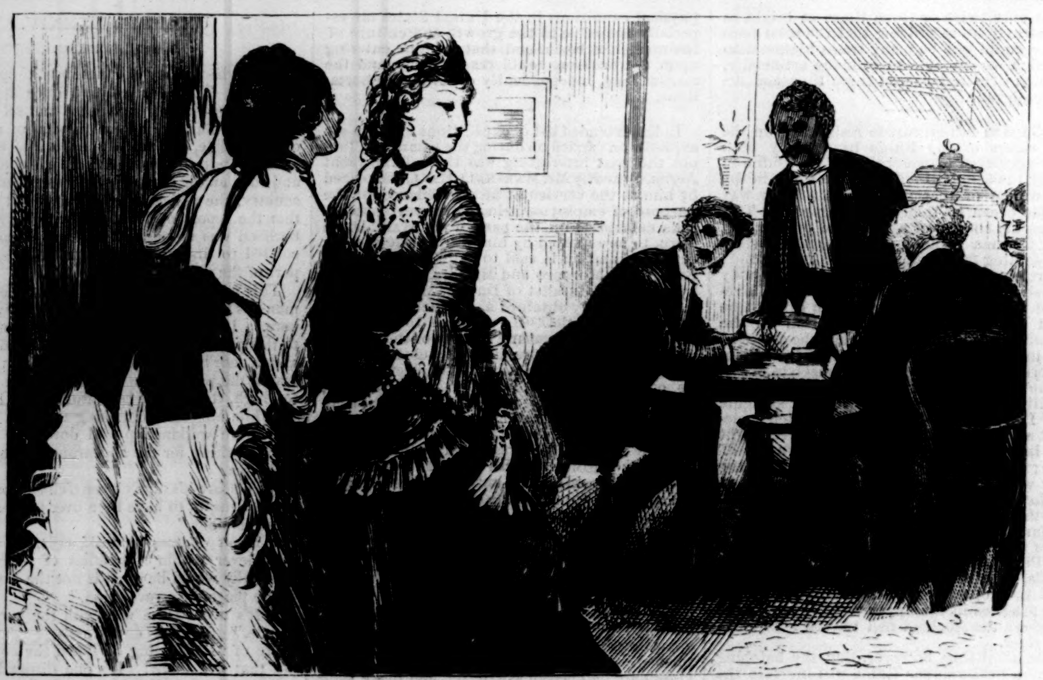
"Well, the woman was angry, and she married that fellow out of pique."

"Out of pique?"

"I repeat it. It was a pure case of temper. I would not ask her to sing. I even found fault with the way she gave the rebel ballad. I told her there was an old lady—Americanly speaking—at the corner of College Green, who enunciated the words better, and then I sat down to whist, and would not even vouchsafe a glance in return for those looks of alternate rage or languishment she threw across the table. She was frantic. I saw it. There was nothing she wouldn't have done. I vow she'd have married even *you* at that moment. And with all that, she'd not have done it if she'd been 'clean-bred.' Come, come, don't flare up, and look as if you'd strike me. On the mother's side she was a Kearney, and all the blood of loyalty in her veins; but there must have been something wrong with the Prince of Delos. Dido was very angry, but her breeding saved her: *she* didn't take a head-centre because she quarreled with Æneas."

"You are, without exception, the most conceited—"

"No, not ass—don't say ass, for I'm nothing of the kind. Conceited, if you like, or rather if your natural politeness insists on saying it, and can not distinguish between the vanity of a puppy and the self-consciousness of real power; but come, tell me of something pleasanter than all this personal discussion—how did mademoiselle convey her tidings? have you seen her note? was it 'transport?' was it high-pitched, or apologetic?"



"'I DECLARE YOU HAVE LEFT A TEAR UPON MY CHEEK,' SAID KATE."

"Kate read it to me, and I thought it reasonable enough. She had done a daring thing, and she knew it; she hoped the best, and in any case she was not faint-hearted."

"Any mention of me?"

"Not a word—your name does not occur."

"I thought not; she had not pluck for that. Poor girl, the blow is heavier than I meant it."

"She speaks of Walpole; she incloses a few lines to him, and tells my sister where she will find a small packet of trinkets and such-like he had given her."

"Natural enough all that. There was no earthly reason why she shouldn't be able to talk of Walpole as easily as of Colenso or the cattle-plague; but you see she could not trust herself to approach *my* name."

"You'll provoke me to kick you, Atlee."

"In that case I shall sit where I am. But I was going to remark that as I shall start for town by the next train, and intend to meet Walpole, if your sister desires it, I shall have much pleasure in taking charge of that note to his address."

"All right, I'll tell her. I see that she and Miss Betty are about to drive over to O'Shea's Barn, and I'll give your message at once."

While Dick hastened away on his errand, Joe Atlee sat alone, musing and thoughtful. I have no reason to presume my reader cares for his reflections, nor to know the meaning of a strange smile, half scornful and half sad, that played upon his face. At last he rose slowly, and stood looking up at the grim old Castle, and its quaint blending of ancient strength and modern deformity.

"Life here, I take it, will go on pretty much as before. All the acts of this drama will resemble each other, but my own little melodrama must open soon. I wonder what sort of house there will be for Joe Atlee's benefit?"

Atlee was right. Kilgobbin Castle fell back to the ways in which our first chapter found it, and other interests—especially those of Kate's approaching marriage—soon effaced the memory of Nina's flight and runaway match. By that happy law by which the waves of events follow and obliterate each other, the present glided back into the past, and the past faded till its colors grew uncertain.

On the second evening after Nina's departure, Atlee stood on the pier of Kingston as the packet drew up at the Jetty. Walpole saw him, and waved his hand in friendly greeting. "What news from Kilgobbin?" cried he, as he landed.

"Nothing very rose-colored," said Atlee, as he handed the note.

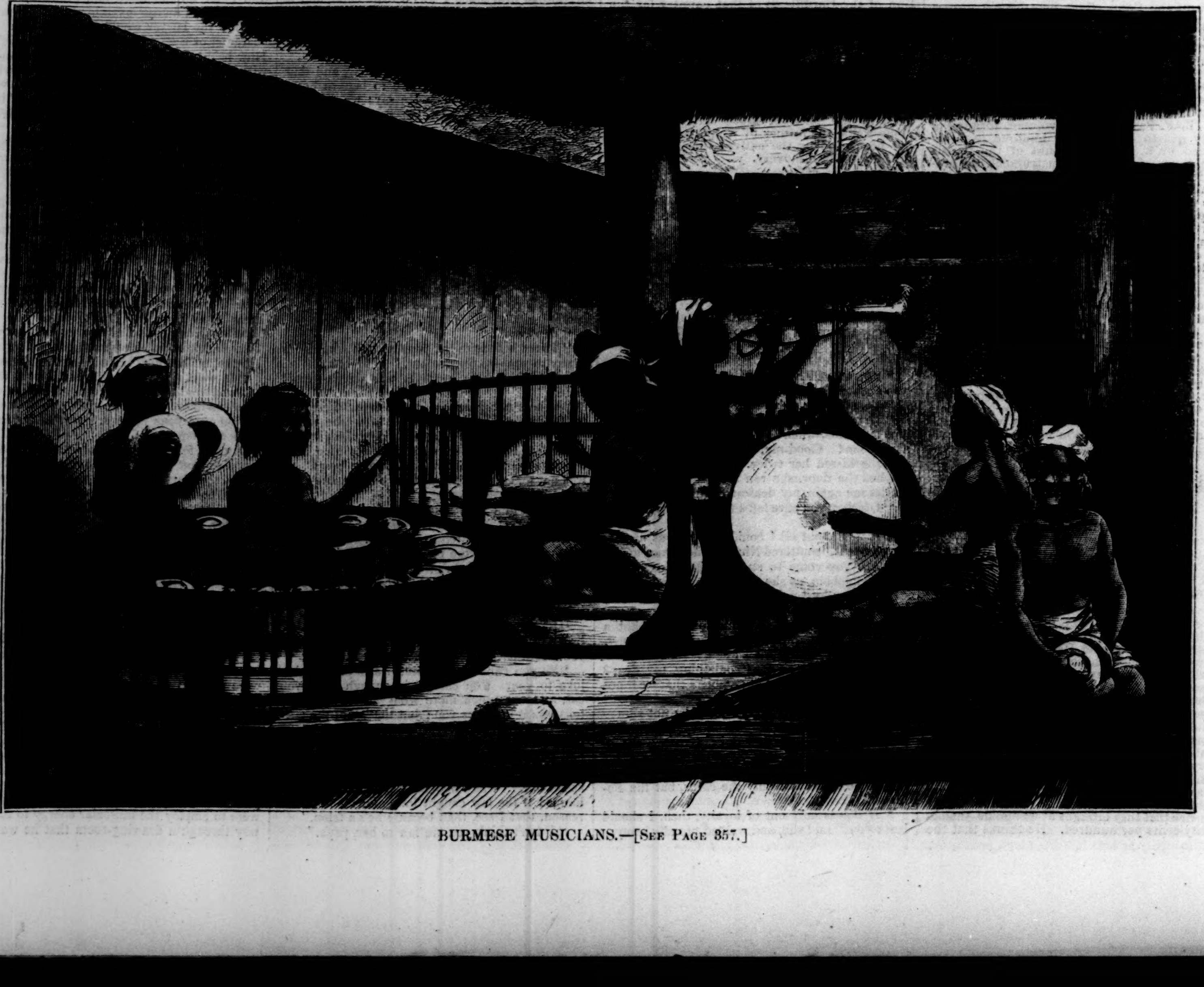
"Is this true?" said Walpole, as a slight tremor shook his voice.

"All true."

"Isn't it Irish?—Irish the whole of it?"

"So they said down there, and, stranger than all, they seemed rather proud of it."

THE END.



BURMESE MUSICIANS.—[SEE PAGE 357.]

AT THE DOOR OF THE OPERA-HOUSE.—[Drawn by C. G. Bush.]

AT THE DOOR OF THE OPERA-HOUSE.

What a sharp contrast, when the curtain has fallen on the ideal world of the stage, and the audience, pouring forth from the magnificent Opera-house, resplendent with paint, with gilding, and with blazing lights, crowds into the dark street, and emerges into the world of practical realities! It is like returning from some region of fairy-land, where you have been held under the enchantment of some potent spell, or a sudden awakening from a vivid dream. An instant before, you sat enraptured by the genius of a Kellogg, a Nilsson, a Parepa-Rosa, a Morensi, a Wachtel, a Santley; the next, as you stand in the dull light of the street lamp, your ear is assailed by the brisk call of impatient coachmen, the sharp word of command as the imperious policeman marshals up the carriages; and you realize that you are not in the Italy, the France, or the Spain of old romance, but in the New York of the nineteenth century.

BURMESE MUSICIANS.

The Burmese empire—called sometimes the kingdom of Ava, as distinct from Pegu, or British Burmah—occupies the upper part of the country traversed by the great river Irrawadi, on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal. Its population is divided into at least five nations and eighteen different tribes; but the superior race, who call themselves Mranmas or Bhamas, occupy the centre of the kingdom, from the Aracan Mountains to the Saluen River. They are, however, greatly behind the Hindoos and the Siamese in the arts of civilized life. The men usually have their skins tattooed, and bore a large hole in the ear, which they fill with a jewel of gold or silver, or a written amulet of paper.

Their religion is that of Buddhism, which denies the personal will and mind of the Deity, but admits a variety of symbolic idols representing the blind forces of nature. Literature is highly esteemed among them, but it consists only of religious romances, fabulous chronicles, and amatory songs. Most of the children are taught reading, writing, and simple arithmetic; the Buddhist priests in the monasteries are their privileged teachers. They have some rude manufactures of hardware, cotton, and pottery, and they carry on trade overland with China.

The popular diversions are fire-works, theatricals, music, and the game of chess. A company of Burmese musicians, shown in the illustration on page 356, would fail to win the applause of our concert audiences. The drum, suspended from the ceiling, and beaten with the bare hands on each side, the two pairs of cymbals, and the long curved horn with its finger-stops, are rude examples of some instruments of noise used for marking time, if not for the sake of tone, in our orchestra. The two other performers, who sit each within an inclosure containing a series of drums or earthenware bowls, varying in size according to the notes of the gamut, may be compared with players on the dulcimer or the musical glasses. They produce sounds graduated in a scale of melody by directly striking the several pieces of sonorous or vibrating substance.

DIFFERENCE IN THE VALUE OF DIAMONDS.

WHILE many can approximate the value of a diamond, few can appreciate its exact worth. All know it to be the most expensive of all substances (excepting rubies of rare color and size), from its beauty, rarity, and indestructibility. The diamond which first decked some fabulous Indian god would blaze to-day with all its fire if adorning some fair American woman. Not a single sparkle has been dimmed, nor an atom of its weight lost. Where the real difficulty exists is to make the public understand the comparative merits of various gems. In the jeweler's tray many stones may be exhibited. They may all be of good quality, but there is a decided choice. This one may have size and purity of color, yet marred by a single flaw; that one, limpidity, without a flaw, yet defective in shape; while a third, even smaller than the other two, may unite every desirable quality, be in fact almost faultless. Combining, then, every excellence within itself, its value is largely enhanced. The comparison between the price paid for a horse and a diamond is not an inapt one. An animal possessing beauty, health, speed, and docility, commands a price far above another having all these qualities save one. It is precisely the same case with a diamond. A stone approaching perfection possesses a value infinitely above one with a single depreciating quality.

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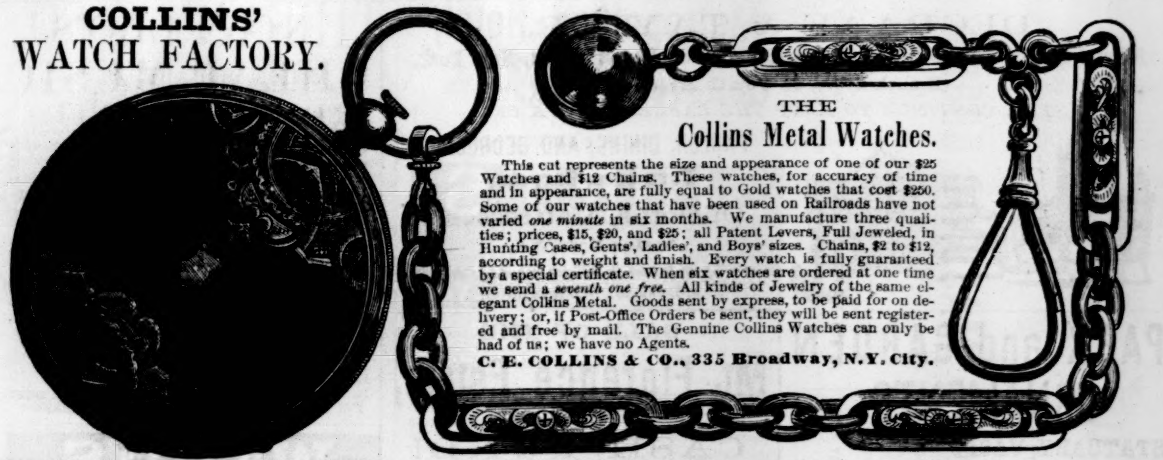

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